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UP, BONNIE BIRD!

BY J. L. ROBERTSON.

The mist on the lea's but an awning,
The shadows are only below,
Up, bonnie bird, to the dawning!
Had I your wings I would go.

Think of the bliss and the beauty
Lavished aloft in the skies!
Wings, bonnie bird! it's a duty,
Were they not lent you to rise?

Up to the infinite! scorning
Earth and the shadows below:
Up to the fountains of morning!
Had I your wings I would go.

HER MAD REVENGE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FOR fully a minute Bell stood motionless, staring at the intruder with wild, startled eyes, unable to grasp the meaning of her words, hardly recognizing, in truth, in the panic-stricken face before her, a friend.

Her first movement, however, when she recovered from her momentary stupefaction, was to hasten across the room, and close and lock the outer door of the suite of rooms she occupied. As she closed it, she satisfied herself with one swift glance that there was no one on the landing without. Having done so, she hastened back to her dressing-room, where the silence was broken hoarsely and almost terribly by the heavy, gasping breathing of the unhappy woman.

Dorcas was still standing in the centre of the room, staggering as if from weakness, and trembling horribly. Her white lips had fallen apart, her eyes were wandering about the room with a stare of idiotic terror; she looked like a woman suddenly driven mad with terror, and, as Bell hurried to her, she dropped in a kneeling posture on the rug at her feet.

All Bell's own agitation had vanished in the imperative need of calmness which Mrs. Fane's condition demanded. She was perfectly calm as she bent over Dorcas and endeavored to raise her from the ground.

As she did so, the woman looked at her wildly, and muttered, in apparently a vain endeavor to speak, but no articulate words came from her lips; there was no recognition in her eyes, as they stared upward into her young mistress's compassionate face.

"What is it?" the girl said gently; "what has happened, Dorcas? Are you ill?"

There was no reply. Dorcas still stared at her vacantly, with a want of recognition in her haggard eyes.

"Don't you know me?" Bell went on, very gently and calmly, tenderly resting the gray head upon her shoulder, and putting back the dishevelled hair from the ghastly face. "You have not forgotten your little Bell?"

"My little Bell," murmured the pale lips, half deliriously; then recovering herself slightly, she raised her head from the girl's shoulder and staggered to her feet. "What is the matter? What am I thinking of?" she said. "Am I—oh, mercy!—am I going mad?"

She threw out her hands with a gesture of horror. Bell caught them in hers in a sudden firm pressure, and forced her to sit down with a gentle, resolute firmness, which impressed the terrified woman, even in her intense excitement, and somewhat subdued it. She ceased to move her lips, and to look wildly round the room.

"What has frightened you, Dorcas?" Bell said, in her quiet, most matter-of-fact tones, but quietly as she spoke, quiet as her manner was, the question seemed to renew the partly arrested agitation, the hands which Bell held in hers began to tremble as if attacked with ague.

"Are we alone, Miss Bell?" she whispered, speaking in a more natural manner, yet showing by her gestures that her terror was still in full force.

"Quite alone!" Bell answered calmly.

"You are sure?" the woman said, in a strange, suspicious manner.

"Quite sure," was the prompt reply.

"She cannot hear us?"

"No one can hear us."

"She cannot, she cannot?" queried the poor dazed creature, with almost fretful impatience.

"Whom do you mean?" Bell asked patiently and gently, putting her cold hand to the woman's burning forehead.

"Miss Digby," she muttered, almost inaudibly.

"Grace?" Bell said, in some astonishment. "No, of course she cannot hear us, but why do you fear Grace, Dorcas?"

"Because she is a fiend!" the woman said, with sudden fierceness. "Because she—oh, Miss Bell, forgive me if you can—because she knows!"

"She knows!" Bell repeated, with a start. "Nonsense, Dorcas; you are letting your terror get the better of you again. How could she know?"

"I do not know," Dorcas said, with a moan. "But—but"—she threw her hands up over her head with a gesture of despair—"she does know; she has found us out—she will betray us!"

"You talk wildly," Bell said imperatively. "It is impossible that she should know, Dorcas—that she should even suspect. If you were able to reason calmly, you would see the absurdity of such an idea. Only three persons shared the secret—Mason, you, and myself. She is dead, and neither you nor I are likely to betray what would bring us within reach of punishment."

Dorcas shuddered, and cowered in the low, cushioned chair in which she sat.

"Perhaps Mason told her," she wailed. "She may have known her, and told her, Miss Bell."

"Nonsense, Dorcas. Pull yourself together, my old friend," the girl answered, carefully concealing every sign of uneasiness, although her heart was throbbing fast with a new fear. "Try to think matters over quietly. Grace was a perfect stranger to us. She fainted from exhaustion in the streets of London, and I brought her home; since then she has been kind and good to you, and——"

"She was biding her time," Dorcas said, with a persistency which had something terribly ominous in it. "She wanted to be sure, and now she is sure, and"—she paused, then went on in a low tone of intense terror, all the more impressive because it was so very calm—"we are lost, Miss Bell!"

Bell was silent for a moment. Dorcas Fane's manner had changed entirely during the last minute; her wild and terrible emotion had subsided; she sat still and motionless in her chair, with her hands clasped in her lap.

She looked like a woman upon whom some terrible fate had fallen, to which she was resigned from very helplessness to avoid it. Bell wondered wildly as she looked at her, if she, too, had had that terrible vision of a felon's dock, a crowded court-house, and a solitary cell.

"What are your grounds for such a supposition, Dorcas?" she asked.

She seated herself quietly in a low chair, and tried, by a careless, unconcerned demeanor, to put an air of "everydayness" upon this strange and unusual interview.

"For what supposition, Miss Bell?" the woman asked dully, after a moment's silence, and as she spoke she looked at her young mistress with a vague, almost vacant glance.

"That Miss Digby has discovered what we wish to keep concealed," Bell rejoined quietly.

"It is not a supposition, Miss Bell," Dorcas answered, a gleam of intelligence lighting up her dull eyes. "It is a certainty!"

"What are your grounds for being so certain, Dorcas?" Bell asked, rising from her low seat, and going over to the dressing-table.

As she stood there she began to unfasten the pretty dark hair, which was pinned up in a quaint, picturesque manner about her head, and, when it fell about her in its rich luxuriance, to brush it in a calm, matter-of-fact manner, which brought a faint look of surprise to Dorcas Fane's white face.

"I have good grounds, Miss Bell," she answered stolidly.

"Let me hear them," the girl said gently, beginning rapidly to plait her hair, but listening eagerly and waiting anxiously for Dorcas Fane's next words. "What are they?"

"Miss Bell," Dorcas answered, moistening her lips ere she could speak; "it may be that you will blame me when I tell you that Miss Digby knows, but I cannot keep the truth from you. I have been ill—I am ill—and at night I—I dream, I suppose, and in my sleep I—I talk!"

"Ah!" Bell exclaimed hurriedly, her busy, white fingers straying rather helplessly among her long tresses.

"She has pretended to be kind to me," the woman went on, a sudden flush of indignation rising in her pale cheek, "for her own ends. She has watched by me at night, she has listened, she has thought over the few words she has overheard, until she is certain that there is a secret. And—and—oh! Miss Bell forgive me! I believe that she knows the truth, and through my fault."

"Even if she does, I have nothing to forgive you, my old friend," Bell answered gently. "I am the cause of all your suffering. I feel that only too deeply. Oh! Dorcas, if you knew——"

She broke off abruptly. This was not a time to tell Mrs. Fane of the terrible mistake into which they had fallen. She was unnerved, excited—ill; any further agitation might have a most disastrous effect.

"To-day—this afternoon—she was out with you," Dorcas went on. "When she came in I was lying down. After she had dined, she came back to my room, and there, bit by bit, led our talk up to the past, and asked me where we lived before we went abroad. I guessed that her curiosity had some object, and I said nothing. I tried to change the subject, but she laughed. 'You won't tell me,' she said. 'But never mind—I know already: you lived at the White House at Dingle!'"

"Ah!"

The exclamation broke irrepressibly from Bell's lips; her face grew lividly pale beneath its shadowy veil of hair.

"I was astonished," Dorcas continued, "but not at first frightened. She might have heard it, I thought, by some chance, but after a while she went on, saying that she knew many other things as well: she knew that Mr. Holt was a man of great penetration, and—Miss Bell, what is it? Are you ill?"

It was a faint little cry of pain from Bell, which had caused her to utter the startled query, and as she looked quickly at her, she saw that the girl had caught at the dressing-table with one hand as if she needed its support.

"No, no. Go on," she managed to say, in a voice strangely unlike her own, but Mrs. Fane was herself too much agitated to heed it.

"That Mr. Holt had guessed at a wonderful secret we shared between us," she continued obediently; "and that she was not behind him in penetration, for she knew—oh, Miss Bell, how can I say it to you?—that the woman who signed the will was not the woman who was buried!"

She shuddered as she spoke, and sinking back in her chair, hid her face in her hands. Startled, almost terrified, Bell stood silent, leaning against her dressing-table, her hair falling around her; for the moment she was too much unnerved to speak.

There was a short silence; then, mastering her nervous terror with a strong effort, Bell raised herself from her leaning posture, and took up her ivory brushes once more.

"Even if she does know that," she said calmly, "she can prove nothing, Dorcas, and without proof what is her knowledge worth? Why, simply nothing! Did you show her that she had frightened you?"

"I am afraid I did, Miss Bell," Dorcas said sadly. "I was so frightened and terrified that I could not help it."

"Never mind," Bell said, endeavoring to speak cheerfully. "As I said, she cannot prove anything."

"But"—Dorcas uncovered her face and looked up anxiously—"but, if Mr. Holt gives her his confidence, between them they—oh, Miss Bell, I am so weak now, I could deny nothing."

"What makes you think Mr. Holt will give her his confidence?" Bell asked coldly. "I do not think so for a moment. Besides, Mr. Holt"—only the girl herself knew how it hurt her to utter his name—knows nothing, he only suspects; and if he were certain, he would not betray us."

"You cannot be sure, Miss Bell," Mrs. Fane said heavily. "She is so pretty, and so sweet, and she seems so good, and Mr. Holt is but a man, and a young one, and ——"

Once more a sickening thrill of terror and anxiety shook Bell from head to foot, and forced her to lean against the table, and the thrill, as it vanished, left behind it a swift, sudden pang of jealousy, which made her heart throb fast and furiously.

Could it be that Grace Digby had supplanted her in Alick Holt's heart? Ah, surely it would be no wonder if she had, she thought wildly. He could not love a woman so guilty and sin-stained as she was! And, as Dorcas said, Grace was pretty and sweet, and she seemed so good and true! Bell put her shaking hand to her head, and pushed away her loosened hair with a gesture of heartfelt weariness.

It was not impossible, she told herself. She had rejected his love, and many a heart was caught at the rebound. Once or twice, on the rare occasions upon which they had met in society, he had lingered at Grace's side, and had seemed to to take pleasure in her bright chatter.

She, herself, he had always avoided, and nothing had passed between them since their momentous interview save her enquiries as to his mother's health, and his replies to those enquiries; but once or twice, when she had been talking to Geoffrey Hamilton, she had looked up to meet Alick's dark eyes fixed upon her face with a sorrowfully reproachful look so full of sadness and reproof that her own had always sunk beneath it. But even if he had ceased to love her, Bell thought bitterly, he was true and noble, he would not betray her; and even Grace, charming as she was, would not share his confidence. She was sure of that.

"You need fear nothing from Mr. Holt," she said firmly, although her lips were very pale, and her heart throbbed heavily under the soft lace and embroidery of her

wrapper. "Even if he were sure of the guilt he only suspects now, he would not betray us, Dorcas," she added earnestly. "Put away these foolish fears; there is not a proof—not one!—in existence of our guilt. You may be confident of our safety!"

"Oh, that I could be!" Dorcas rejoined sadly. "Miss Bell," she added, leaning forward in her low chair and looking at the slight young figure which was half-shrouded by the veil of hair which fell in ripples over Bell's white wrapper, "where were you this afternoon?"

Bell started slightly, and the long strands of hair escaped her white fingers for a moment.

"Where were we?" she repeated lightly; "at Mr. Hamilton's studio, Dorcas."

"What did you see there that made you faint?" Dorcas asked significantly.

This time Bell did not start; she was prepared for the question.

"The heat made me faint," she said calmly. "You know the heat always tries me."

"Is it true, Miss Bell, that you saw a portrait of Miss Pauline there?"

The falling hair hid the startling pallor of Bell's face and lips.

"Quite true," she replied quietly, "but there was nothing surprising in that, was there? The man who betrayed our darling would probably have more than one picture of her, would he not?"

"Yes; but—oh, Miss Bell, be frank with me!" the woman cried out suddenly in her troubled voice. "I have not deserved mistrust from you, I think."

Bell flung down her brushes and turned impulsively.

"You have not!—you have not!" she cried passionately; "nor do I mistrust you, Dorcas. I only wanted to spare you, if I could, the misery I myself have endured during these last few hours—they have been the bitterest, the most terrible my life has ever known!"

"The bitterest?" Dorcas repeated faintly. "Not that—oh, not that, Miss Bell! Not bitterer than——"

"Yes, bitterer even than those hours we spent beside my dying sister," Bell answered brokenly. "Dorcas, we—or rather I, for all the guilt is mine!—I have made a terrible mistake; I have wronged an innocent man. It was not Geoffrey Hamilton who killed Pauline, it was his friend, under his name, which he had assumed, doubtless, to carry on his treachery without fear of detection. It was not—oh, Dorcas, think of it!—it was not Geoffrey Hamilton who was guilty, and yet the punishment of the guilt has been his!"

CHAPTER XXV.

A SUDDEN silence followed on Mabel's passionate utterance of the terrible truth she had learned a short time before. After the unceasing sound of the agitated voices of the two women, it—the silence—had a strange and startling effect, which both of them perceived, and upon both of them it had a certain, but different, impression.

It subdued Bell's passionate excitement, almost as if a soothing hand had been suddenly laid upon her throbbing brow; it terrified the other occupant of the pretty dressing-room, so that speech was impossible, and her eyes wandered round the room as if some terrible unknown presence had entered it, which she feared to see.

"It was not Geoffrey Hamilton," Bell repeated steadily: "it was his friend, Fulton Leclerc, who killed Pauline!"

"Then," Dorcas found voice at last, in her horror and dismay, "then—oh, Miss Bell, what have we done?"

"You have done nothing, my poor Dorcas," Bell said gently, kneeling down by her and taking her hands. "I have sinned—I have sinned greatly, and I have involved you in my sin!"

"You did not know, Miss Bell," murmured Dorcas.

"I did not know; but I have come to think my ignorance no excuse for me," the girl said bitterly. "Dorcas, what excuse can there be for hatred and vengeance cherished from year's end to year's end, for sin committed in cold blood and not repented of, until the discovery that the innocent have suffered for the guilty shows the heinousness of one's offence?"

"The mistake was a natural one, Miss Bell," Dorcas whispered feebly.

She felt stunned and crushed under the blow, which had obliterated for a moment the terror of discovery which had almost rendered her life unendurable.

"Perhaps it was. But the sin was an unnatural one, Dorcas—I see that now! I think—I think—I have always, since I knew him, thought Geoffrey Hamilton innocent of the cruel wrong ascribed to him, yet I persisted in my guilt!"

"And now—and now—" Dorcas Fane's low, breathless tones broke upon a little silence which had followed Bell's last words, "what are we to do, Miss Bell?"

A minute's pause followed the solemn question. Bell's answer came clearly and solemnly in one word.

"Atone!" she said, calmly.

Hardly had the word been spoken than she regretted it, for she saw its instant and terrible effect upon her hearer; an expression of abject terror contracted Dorcas's pale face; her arms fell heavily at her sides; her eyes stared wildly at Bell's fair, pale face with a fixed, glassy stare, terrible to witness.

"Dorcas," the girl said, gently, "there is nothing in it to be afraid of! Mr. Hamilton will be gentle with me—with us—I am sure."

The words appeared to fall unheeded upon Mrs. Fane's ears, for they brought no change to the awful stony ghastliness of her face. The girl laid her hand on Mrs. Fane's shoulder.

"There is nothing else to do, Dorcas," she said, gently, speaking with slow impressiveness, in order to make the meaning of the words clear to the dazed senses of the woman who heard her, or, rather, to whom she spoke, for there was no sign on Dorcas' face that she even heard, much less understood the words; "had Geoffrey Hamilton been guilty of the crime we accused him of, I should have given him back nothing of all that I deprived him of. Mrs Hamilton loved me well," she went on, faltering a little, "but she did not love me well enough to disinherit her husband's nephew for my sake, had it not been that, through me, she thought him guilty of the treacherous act which destroyed my sister's life! she would, perhaps, have divided her wealth had she not been deceived as to his character; but I must give him back the fortune and the possessions of which I robbed him! Dorcas, do you not see—do you not understand that it is the only course open to me now?"

There was no reply, Bell, bending down, repeated the question in slow, distinct tones.

A long shiver ran through the hitherto motionless frame of the poor woman she addressed; the expression of ghastly terror deepened upon her haggard face, she lifted her eyes, and left them rest upon the girl's pale, sad face.

"Have you thought what that course means to me, Miss Bell?" she asked in a low, mechanical, tuneless voice.

"To you, Dorcas?"

"Yes, to me," answered Dorcas, in the same manner.

"It means a hundred more to me than to you, since, in the eyes of the law which we offended, I alone should be deemed guilty of this offence of which you accuse yourself."

"You? Impossible!" Bell exclaimed, hurriedly. "You, as my servant, acted in obedience to my orders."

"Would they believe us, Miss Bell?" Dorcas said heavily. "You were a child, I, an old woman. It is not likely that you should influence me, they will say. Oh, my dear, my dear!" she went on, falling suddenly on her knees, and clutching the white folds of Bell's wrapper in her shaking hands.

"She meant the money to be yours; she loved you as if you were her own child; she told me many times that it was so, that she would have gladly left you all her fortune, but that she felt a duty towards her husband's nephew. Oh, Miss Bell atone if you will, but not the way you mean. Do not tell him the truth!"

"How else can I atone, Dorcas?" the girl said bitterly, as she bent over the kneeling woman and tried to raise her. "Do you think he would take the money as a gift from me?"

"Then I am lost!" Mrs. Fane cried out wildly. "I am lost! Oh, Miss Bell, it would be more merciful, a hundred times, if you would stab me to the heart then condemn me to such shame! Have you thought of it?" she continued, staggering to her feet.

"I am an old woman broken in health; I cannot face the ordeal of a trial and its disgrace! Wait a little while. Wait and see if there be no other means of atoning but to tell him all! Divide the money, Miss Bell! She wished you to have it, otherwise Mason would not have suggested the means we took to carry out her wishes. She loved her mistress; she was a faithful servant!"

"Do you think he, Geoffrey Hamilton, would accept money from me?" the girl said helplessly. "Such an offer would be an insult to him!"

"Why should it? You can tell him your conscience would not allow you to keep it all, Miss Bell," Dorcas went on eagerly; "it would only be right to retain a share of it. She loved you so well, she wished you to have it!"

"I must give it all up to him, Dorcas," the girl said gently. "And I am afraid he would scarcely believe in the sudden awakening of a conscience which had slept so soundly for two long years! Dorcas, I am sure you—and I—need fear nothing from Mr. Hamilton when he knows the truth!"

"You cannot be sure, Miss Bell," Dorcas urged piteously. "If you had wronged him in any other way he might forgive you, but to keep money from him: no man ever forgives that! Besides, it may be out of his power to do so; it may be that he will be obliged to make all the facts of the case public before he can enter into his inheritance! Miss Bell! Miss Bell! have you thought it over sufficiently? You cannot have done so, or you would not speak so calmly of a confession to Mr. Hamilton!"

"I have not thought it over calmly," Bell said wearily. "How could anyone think calmly of such a thing? But I am sure there is no alternative—but one!" she added, with a swift, sudden, bitter little smile.

"But one?" Dorcas queried eagerly. "And what is that, Miss Bell?"

"If Heaven were merciful enough to let me die," Bell replied, in a low tone, "I might make a will, leaving all his own money to Geoffrey Hamilton! But"—a little mocking laugh broke from her white lips—"I think I shall live to be an old woman, Dorcas, in spite of the Stanleys being short-lived people. It is only the happy people who die!"

"There is another alternative, Miss Bell," Dorcas said in a moment, in a low tone which was intensely significant in spite of its low key.

"Another?—besides confession or death?" Bell said, turning her languid, sorrowful eyes upon Mrs. Fane's face, upon which an expression of something like hope had begun to dawn faintly. "And what is it, Dorcas?"

"Marriage, Miss Bell," replied Dorcas, with a pitiful attempt at boldness, which her white and shaking hands belied.

"Marriage?" Bell echoed. "What do you mean, Dorcas?"

Her amazement was so unfeigned that the hope which had brightened Mrs. Fane's [illegible]

"Is it true what they say in the servants' hall, Miss Bell," she asked desperately, "that Mr. Hamilton is in love with you?"

For a moment, a swift, passionate gleam of anger made Bell's sad eyes flash, then it faded. Had she not done her best to win Geoffrey Hamilton's love, in order to complete her vengeance? Had she not thought more than once that she had succeeded?

"They all say so, Miss Bell," Dorcas went on, with the same pitiful assumption of boldness, which hurt her mistress even more than her evidently sincere anguish. "They say he loves you, that he worships the ground you tread, that but for your money, which he dare not aspire to, he would try to win you."

A faint, bitter smile curled Bell's lip. "But for her money," she thought scornfully.

"Perhaps he loves me well enough to forgive us both, Dorcas," she said gently. "If he does, we can be glad and grateful—anything else is out of the question," she added firmly.

"You would refuse him, Miss Bell?"

"I could not be his wife, Dorcas."

With a gesture of intense discouragement and despair, Dorcas turned away.

"Then we are indeed lost!" she cried. "Oh, Miss Bell, if he loves you, as I think, would he be likely to forgive our sin if you refuse his love? He will be mad with misery and anger from his loss of you; his one thought will be revenge, and it will be so easy for him to revenge himself when he knows."

"It will be easy, in truth," Bell said mechanically, as she stood motionless, a slim, white-clad figure covered with a veil of falling hair.

"But if you become his wife, Miss Bell," Dorcas continued, making one last desperate appeal, and throwing into her words all the entreaty with which she could plead, "all will be well! The money will be his; you will give him such happiness as will atone a hundred times for the pain you may have given him! When you are his wife you will be safe, and I can die in peace!"

"It is impossible, Dorcas!"

"Why is it impossible?" Mrs. Fane urged practically. "You care for no one else; he loves you! He loves you, yourself, not your fortune! He is kind, and gentle, and comely; he will make you a good husband. Oh, my dear, my dear, hear me! Do not turn away. You have suffered, I know you have suffered terribly, but if your mind were at rest there might be happiness for you yet! You have wronged him, and you can not only atone but make him happy! And if you do not, even though he is merciful, there are others; there is Mr. Holt, a lawyer, who might at any moment give his suspicions to the world; there is Miss Digby, who hates you because you have been good to her—you will be at their mercy! If any suspicion gets abroad the proofs will not be lacking."

"There are none!" Bell interpolated passionately. "Dorcas, you plead to no purpose."

"There may be no proofs now," the woman answered doggedly; "because no attempt to obtain proofs has been made,—at least, none that we known of. But let the machinery of the law be set in motion, and proofs will be forthcoming fast enough. They will send to Derdignon, they will examine the doctors, they will discover the truth, and then——" Her voice failed her, her head sunk on her breast.

Bell put one little, shaking hand to her throat; there was a lump there which prevented speech just then but there was no yielding on her face, Dorcas saw that clearly.

"At least, let your atonement wait!" she cried out wildly. "Let it wait for a few weeks—until I am dead, and then——"

Bell turned from her with a passionate exclamation of pain.

"What shall I do?" she cried out suddenly; "What shall I do?"

Almost as if in answer to her agonized exclamation there was a knock on the outer door of her room. Mrs. Fane started to her feet looking wildly about her as if for some means of escape.

With a hurriedly-attained composure, Bell made an imperative sign commanding silence, and passing out of her dressing room crossed the antechamber and opened the door.

"What is it?" she said hurriedly.

Hammond was standing there, carrying a great fragrant boquet of exquisite white flowers whose faint and delicate perfume filled the room with fragrance.

"Mr. Hamilton brought them ma'am," she said, quietly. "They arrived from abroad later than was expected. He hopes you will be well enough to go to the ball to-night, and that you will honor him by [illegible]

For a minute [illegible] flowers in silence, then she turned away without making a movement of her hands towards Hammond's lovely burden. As she turned away she met a pair of eager, imploring eyes fixed upon her. Dorcas, too anxious to bear the least suspense, had followed her into the ante-room, and had heard the words.

Her eyes met Bell's in one long look, and once more the girl's little hands moved upward to her throat, restlessly loosening the lace ruffles about it, as if even their light touch impeded her breathing. Then, after a moment, she inclined her head slightly, as if giving an affirmative answer to the mute pleading of the look fixed upon her, and, turning to the maid, took the flowers in her two trembling hands.

"Come and do my hair, Hammond," she said quietly. "But first go and order the carriage to be round in half-an-hour. You need not be longer dressing me. It is a pity to put off wearing Worth's pretty gown, especially when I have such flowers as these to add to its prettiness. I am going to use the privilege of our sex, Hammond—I am going to change my mind and go to Mrs. Bruce's ball!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHEN, half-an-hour later, Miss Hamilton's carriage drove round from the stables, Hammond had finished her task, and her mistress stood before her mirror, dressed for the ball.

While yet the echoes of the broken, passionate voices of herself and Dorcas seemed to linger in the room, all evidence of distress and agitation had vanished from the scene. Dorcas—pale still, but calm—sat watching the maid's skilful hands, moving so deftly in their graceful work, and Bell submitted with her usual careless *insouciante* grace.

But, self-possessed as she was to all outward seeming, the storm of passion and remorse and unrest which had rent her slender form with such convulsive sobs a short time before, had by no means subsided; under her calm, graceful bearing throbbed a great suffering, an intense anguish; her heart seemed like stone within her breast, her brain was on fire; yet through it all she spoke, and moved, and smiled, as if there was nothing troubling her, or disturbing the calm, proud serenity of the heiress and the beauty.

As she stood before the mirror, a faint look of wonder crossed her face for a moment. Could this radiant creature, in her long, shimmering satin robes, be the despairing, heart-broken woman who had been reflected there an hour ago? Was it possible? It reminded Bell of the transformation scenes in a pantomime, she thought, with a faint, bitter smile.

The excitement had brought a vivid flush to her cheeks. There were dark shadows beneath her eyes, which, however, only seemed to enhance their lustre; the beautiful dark hair was piled up in a picturesque fashion high upon her head, her only ornaments were a collar of diamonds, which clasped her white throat, and a diamond star shining in her hair; her arms were bare save for the long white gloves; in her hands she carried the flowers which Geoffrey Hamilton had sent her; their fragrance and beauty seemed a reproach to her, since for them she was indebted to the man she had wronged.

"Hammond, you have surpassed yourself," she said, as the maid wrapped her in a filmy lace shawl, and then, crossing the room she bent and touched Dorcas Fane's cheek with her lips. "You can sleep peacefully to-night," she said gently. "I will save you, Dorcas, you and myself."

As she swept down the lighted staircase into the hall, a door opened and Grace Digby appeared upon the threshold; a look of extreme surprise, not unmingled with dismay crossed her face as Bell appeared; but the expression was but momentarily; hardly had Bell caught it than it had disappeared, and her pretty, blue-eyed companion was uttering rapturous little cries of admiration, to which Bell listened with a cold, almost mocking smile.

"Your rest must have done you good," Grace cried gaily. "How beautiful you look!"

"Do I?" Bell said carelessly. "So much the better, and I am going to make a late *entree*, so as to make the greater sensation. Good-night."

She passed her with a little, haughty, careless nod, which was very unlike her usual pretty, friendly kindliness of manner.

Grace started slightly and colored, standing silent and motionless until the exquisite white figure, with its sheen of satin and glitter of diamonds had disappeared, then, with a strange feeling of discomfiture, the girl turned back into the room she had been leaving when the sound of a carriage stopping at the door had aroused her curiosity.

"There can be nothing in it," she said to herself in some vexation, "and yet—and yet—there is some secret which the lawyer knows, or guesses. She refused his love, too—that must have incensed him. I wonder if he has forgiven her for that, or if he—well, I'm not beaten yet, and if he—Holt—would help me, I——"

She sat down by the table in the library, resting her head thoughtfully upon her hands and her elbows upon the table. The sight of Bell—radiant, beautiful, serene—had roused every evil feeling in her nature; she had never liked the girl who had been so good to her, who had taken her, fainting from starvation in the cruel London streets, and brought her to her own luxurious home, and nursed her back to her strength again.

But her benefits had not ended there; she had given her a home, and friends, and money; had treated her as if she were her sister, had been kind and considerate and gentle to her. And for all these things she had hated her.

It is only a noble nature that is capable of gratitude, and Grace Digby's was not a noble nature but quite the reverse; she was selfish, envious, and base.

She hated Bell not only for the loveliness before which her own inferior charms sank into insignificance; for the wealth by which she herself had benefitted; for the position which her wealth alone could not have given her; for the careless pretty grace and indifference with which she eclipsed her rivals in society: she hated her for these things truly, but she hated her still more for the generosity she had shown herself, the utter unselfishness she could not refuse to believe in, the nobility of character which Bell's one great sin had not destroyed, and which Grace Digby was too quick not to acknowledge to herself, although while she acknowledged it she hated Bell for it, because she felt it placed the girl too far above her to let her hope that she would descend to her level.

From the moment when she had opened her languid eyes to find her fainting head pillowed on Bell's arm, and her beautiful, tender eyes bent so compassionately upon her, a sense of resentment against Bell had risen in her heart, which had increased with every day she had spent under Miss Hamilton's roof, with every obligation which she lay under, with every kindness she had received from her.

Why should Mabel Hamilton have everything and she nothing? Why should this one girl be rolling through life in her carriage, when the other had to walk? Why should one have fine clothes, and jewels, and honor, and position, and the other have to toil for her daily bread until her strength failed and she had fallen in the battle of life, and would have perished where she had fallen, but for the charity of her more favored fellow-creature? Why should one woman have everything and another nothing?

Bitter as her resentment was, great as her envy was, she had hidden them cleverly from all eyes, she had played her part well; she had been gentle, grateful, anxious to do anything in return for the kindness she had received, and all the time she had, as Dorcas had said, been "biding her time."

That there was something mysterious, some secret in this household to which she had suddenly been transplanted from the wretched lodging in which she had starved, she had been quick to divine, and she had known it for a certainty when she had listened to the interview between her hostess and Alick Holt.

What was this secret? That it was something terrible, something shameful, she could not doubt, after hearing what the young lawyer had uttered in his distress, and what Bell herself had said in her fear of discovery.

And from that time Grace Digby had bent all her energies to the task to which she devoted herself. If she could only discover the truth, she had thought in the solitude of the pretty room which had been given her, a room which, a few days before, would have seemed luxurious beyond her wildest hopes or desires, but which now she looked at scornfully, because she compared it to the beautiful and stately apartments occupied by the mistress of the house. If she could find out this secret, there would be no more toil or poverty for her.

It was a disgraceful one, she told herself, thinking of Alick Holt's words, that he could not force his lips to utter the suspicion which dishonored her, that the very thought of it was intense humiliation, that the suspicion had broken his heart.

It was connected, too, with her wealth, the wealth to which Alick Holt had said she had no right.

"Let us give Geoffrey Hamilton back the money which is his own," he had said. What did it mean?

All Grace's enquiries had given her no information save this—that Mrs. Hamilton had left all her vast fortune to Bell, thus disinheriting her nephew; but surely Alick Holt, a lawyer, was not Quixotic enough to wish the woman he loved to give up wealth which had been bequeathed to her, and of which her possession had never been doubted, merely because another had been the loser by her good fortune. Grace was too worldly herself to suspect Alick Holt of such disinterestedness as that!

Of all the conjectures she had made respecting this secret, the one that had taken most hold upon her was this one; that Bell Hamilton was not the person to whom the wealth had been bequeathed, that the rightful heiress had died and that Bell was personating her.

Such things were often heard of in novels and, since "truth is stranger than fiction," might not such a thing take place in real life? The real heiress might have died, and this impostor have filled her place.

But this suspicion was necessarily dispersed on closer investigation. Bell was well known in society, she was the girl who had been with Mrs. Hamilton abroad, whom, as Grace heard on every side, the wealthy widow had loved as if she had been her daughter.

There was another solution to this enigma, the little blue-eyed companion had told herself, and sharpened all her faculties and waited, and for her reward, she heard Dorcas Fane's half-delirious mutterings, and once more had her suspicions aroused; and her eagerness to discover the truth grew with every moment.

"If I dared I would speak to the lawyer himself," she muttered, as she sat before the library table, with her fair brow knitted in deep thought, her lips tight and cruel in her jealous anger against Bell in her diamonds and priceless old laces.

"He loved her and she rejected him, his love will have turned to dislike ere this. There might be a chance if he were confronted with the words which startled that poor, foolish old woman. 'The woman who signed the will was not the woman who was buried.' Is there any meaning in the words? Are they merely ravings? I frightened her this evening, and if she told her mistress my reign here is at end. Would Alick Holt help me? He must have got over his infatuation for her. I wonder——"

Her cheeks flushed, her eyes brightened suddenly at the thought which struck her. She rose, and going over to the mantel-piece looked at her fair face critically in the mirror above.

She looked very pretty in her pale blue gown, with the sweet rose-flush in her cheeks, the light in her eyes; quite pretty enough to warrant the feeling of satisfaction with which she turned away.

"It is not impossible," she murmured softly; then sauntering back to her seat, she—mechanically, as it were—took up a newspaper that was lying upon the oaken table. Her thoughts were far away as she unfolded the sheet and carlessly glanced at it; the next moment the carlessness vanished like a flash, the eager light deepened in her blue eyes, all her indifference left her as a few printed words caught her attention. She read them twice eagerly, then going to a writing-table took up pen and paper and rapidly wrote a few lines. As she folded the paper and slipped it into an envelope, she muttered to herself.

"The game is in my own hand now," she said through her teeth; "and I think I have the winning card!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARRIED AT FOURTEEN.—The lives the women lead in Algiers, particularly if they are young and pretty are simply terrible. When about fourteen, an Algerine girl is married—or rather sold, for it is scarcely more than a money transaction—to a man whom she has probably never seen, but who, from that moment, possesses absolute authority over her.

If she belongs to the higher class, she is usually restricted, even in her husband's house to one or two rooms. "If she were allowed to wander up and down stairs, she might meet a man," the husband says.

The windows of the room into which she may go, always look into a court-yard, not a public street, but for all that they are carefully covered with lattice work, so that she may have no chance of holding communication with the outside world.

The only amusement she is allowed to indulge in is a weekly visit to the cemetery, where she is supposed to go to mourn for the dead. This mourning, I must confess, is performed in a manner peculiar to the country.

On Fridays all men having been carefully excluded, the Algerine ladies drive closely veiled, to the cemetery. Once inside the gates, they throw aside their veils, and seating themselves upon the tombstones, prepare to make a day of it.

They always go provided with a substantial luncheon, and they spend the whole day laughing, chatting, and gossipping with their fellow mourners. At sunset, they resume their veils, mount into their carriages, and are driven back to ther homes which they will not quit till the following Friday.

The most painful part to these women is, although they may fulfill every phase of their duty with periect exactitude, and may even love their husbands tenderly, the law allows them to have no legal claim upon them

At any time of day or night, if a man be wearied of his wife, or for any reason desirous of being rid of her, he has only to lead her to the door, and by pronouncing the simple words "you are divorced," he is free from her forever.

COOKING SCHOOLS.—In Germany, where even girls of the highest class are expected to have a practical knowledge of housekeeping, cooking schools are fast becoming popular.

At one school in Hanover, the course extends over four months for amateur pupils, and over six months for professional cooks. Each pupil has to pay twenty marks (five dollars) per month for instruction, and if desired can be accomodated with board and lodging in the private house of the sisters. The latter personally superintend the instruction in the theory and practice of cookery, with the aid of the newest and most improved ranges, labor-saving machines, and other appliances.

The dishes prepared at the school are served at the dinner-table of the pupils, and single ladies residing in the town may also dine for the trifling charge of fifteen cents. Families of good social standing can be supplied with regular dinners at a fixed rate, and many avail themselves of this opportunity.

The school likewise prepares for the instruction of its pupils potted meat, as well as preserves of various fruits and vegetables, which find a ready sale. Once a year an exhibition of choice dishes takes place at the school, attracting crowds of lady visitors.

A COGENT REASON.—Some reformers who wish to abolish capital punishment urge, probably with truth, that the worst use to which the State can put a man is to hang him. An African chief whom Emin Pasha met in his explorations has come to to the same conclusion, though on different grounds. In one of the tribes judicial punishments consist in the forfeiture of cattle and other property to the Sovereign, who does not approve of capital sentences, "because dead men pay no taxes."

Bric-a-Brac.

THE HUMAN HEART.—The masculine heart weighs more and is larger than that possessed by the fair sex. A heart, it would appear grows most quickly during the first and second years of life, and between the second and seventh years it doubles in size. Until after the fiftieth birthday the heart still grows a little. In childhood the male and female heart are the same size; but after manhood the masculine heart develops much more than the female, and ends by being two square inches larger than the latter.

CROPS IN NORWAY.—As in this rocky country every tiny patch of ground is cultivated it stands to reason that a multitude of these can never be reached by the harvest cart; and to carry the sheaves on pack-ponies would be a slow toil, so the farmers have devised an exceedingly ingenious method of bringing home their crops, whether of hay or corn. They attach a strong wire to some projecting rock far up the steep hill-side and lead it down to the valley, and, by slinging each sheaf to the top of this wire, they run the whole crop down to the level ground, whence it is easily carried home.

CHINESE SURGERY.—When Chinese surgeons are about to undertake an operation, they administer to the patient neither chloroform nor ether, but a hard and semi-transparent substance that distantly resembles wax. This, together with an unknown woody substance, they soak in water for twenty-four hours, and the resultant liquor, when it is painted on or injected into any part of the body, produces local insensibility. The waxy substance in question is said to be prepared from the eye of the frog, and it is obtained in a curious way. The Chinese surgeon puts a live frog into a jar that is half full of flour, and then irritates the reptile, which exudes a liquid that forms a paste with the flour.

EYES AND EYELIDS.—Omens are sometimes drawn from the eyes. If the right eye itches it is considered by some a lucky sign. "My right eye itches, I shall see my love," was a saying known to the Greeks. Another belief is that the opposite result will occur. "When the right eye itches, the party affected will shortly cry; if the left, will laugh." This latter superstition is current generally. A profound observer says that the way to judge an individual's temper, is to watch his eyelids. One with a fiery temper will move the eyelids with a snap. Another, who is easy-going and hard to arouse, moves the eyelids languidly. One with a quick brain and temper, furious when aroused, just winks steadily, but neither quickly nor slowly until engaged in interesting conversation.

WHEN BLACK BECAME THE FASHION.—The English novelist Bulwer's "Pelham" became so popular immediately after its publication as to change the fashion of gentlemen's coats. In those days gentlemen wore, for evening dress, coats of brown, or green, blue, according to their fancy. In the novel Lady Francis Pelham says, in a letter to her son, "Apropos of the complexion, I did not like that blue coat you wore when I last saw you. You look best in black, which is a great compliment, for people must be very distinguished in appearance to do so." Every gentleman who read "Pelham" took to himself the "great compliment," and from that day black has been the color of gentlemen's full dress.

POETS AND FOOD.—Poets are popularly supposed to require peculiar food. Byron for some years lived largely on biscuits and soda-water, occasionally varying that not too generous diet with copious doses of sulphate of magnesia. Tennyson, in his early days, used to love a steak and a pint of wine at the Cock Tavern. Jonson and others of his crew held wassail at the Mermaid. Now, biscuits and soda-water are light enough; yet there is, after all, something poetically light and airy about them. But what shall be said of fish and pork chops, which were the everyday food of Beranger? He was essentially a patriotic poet. Imagine patriotism on pork chops!

IT DIES NOT.

BY RITA.

The sun shines out for a day or two,
  And the heart of the seed awakes and warms,
And then the skies are no longer blue,
  And then comes shadows and clouds, and storms.
  Pitiless rains that have their way,
  Hour after hour, day after day;
  Ah, oh! 'tis a comfort to me and you
  That love fades not as the sunbeams do.

Stars go out in the quiet sky;
  Sunbeams fade and the moonbeams pale:
Buds of beauty bloom but to die;
  All the fountains of pleasure fail;
  Rain and sleet on our bowers descend;
  Song and sunshine must have an end;
  But whatever our home, wherever our lot,
  'Tis a comfort to know that love dies not!

From Out the Storm.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DICK'S SWEETHEART," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MRS. VERULAM and Sir George were dragged from their Garden of Eden about an hour later by the early return of some of the shooting-party. She went to meet them in the charming inner hall, where they stood talking and laughing, and warming themselves by the great fires in the stoves, whilst tea was being brought to them.

With a little radiant air Cicely came upon them accompanied by Sir George; and Marvel, who was quick to read the signs of joy or grief in the eyes of those she loved, saw at once that something had happened to her.

She took advantage of a moment when Mrs. Verulam stood rather apart from the rest to go up to her and whisper softly—

"Is it so then?"

"Who shall guard a secret from thee, O thou marvellous one?" returned Cicely gaily, but with a tremor in her voice that meant much.

Then some of the others drew near again, and Marvel, with a smile of tenderest sympathy, moved away.

She was sincerely glad at heart—joyful indeed for her friend's sake; yet never as at this moment had she felt so entirely lonely.

She escaped after a while from the merry crowd, and wandered aimlessly into one of the smaller rooms that opened off the library.

Here despair seized upon her. The happiness of another, though it had her warmest sympathy, yet opened up to her the wretched poverty of her own existence. She was nothing — nobody — an unloved wife—a creature without known parentage.

She stood in the window, gazing mutely out on the fast-darkening gardens, and gave herself up to the gloomy misery of the moment.

All the world was happy; she alone was debarred life's choicest gifts! What hope could there be for such as she?

Even—oh most improbable of suppositions!—were she to gain her husband's love, the mournful fact that the story of her birth was wrapped in mystery, that in all probability it contained all the elements of the most shameful shame, would come between them always.

In their very sweetest moments, when his lips were pressed to hers, would he not still remember that the woman who bore his old and honored name was herself nameless, that the mother of his children was herself far worse than motherless? Then he would shrink from her.

Oh, the bitterness of it! Only a week before that pale smiling enemy of hers—that woman whom once he had so loved—had whispered such a hint into her ears, had in subtle words warned her that for such reasons in their very fondest hours he would shrink from her as from a creature loathed.

Instinctively she put up her hand and drew the locket from her neck, and gazed as if fascinated upon the pale cynical features hidden within it.

At that moment she believed she would have bartered all her wildest hopes—nay, life itself—to learn the secret that those dead lips could tell, to know the truth as it was, bare and undisguised.

A long sigh rose from her hardened heart. It seemed to her so small a thing that she desired.

Not wealth, not fame, not a high and honorable ancestry — only a name! The very lowest, the very poorest, had that; and the very lowest, the very poorest name would do for her.

She craved no more—not position or a high-sounding title—nothing but the assurance that she was honestly born. Yet this small boon was denied her.

Alas, was she never to know content? Cicely had gained all; she could not doubt, having once looked into her radiant eyes, that, having given in, and broken down the wall of determination she had built against a second marriage, she was now roaming in a realm where perfect bliss held sway.

A great envy rose within her—envy that did not hurt her friend, but that rebelled against the difference betwixt Cicely's fate and hers.

She would not have had Cicely descend to her poor level; but she would fain have risen to hers.

It was all so unequal. Where was justice or mercy, or that hope that keeps one's soul alive?

She started violently, as a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and another had seized upon the fatal locket and took it forcibly from her.

"Brooding, as usual, over the irrevocable," said Wriothesley angrily. "Good gracious, what a senseless woman you are! Can you not grasp the fact that what is is, and that not all the protestations and bemoanings in the world can alter it? I shall destroy that talisman of yours some day; it only works you evil."

He flung the locket from him as he spoke on to the middle of the table nearest him.

"So let your forebodings go," he said earnestly.

"They cling too fast for that," returned she, with a sad smile.

"Come out of this cold uncomfortable room. See—the fire is quite dead! No wonder you have worked yourself into a fit of the blues!"

He led her through the folding-doors into the library beyond, which was empty, but rich in the possession of a glorious fire.

He closed the folding-doors again, and pressed her gently into the depths of a huge arm-chair that adorned one side of the hearth.

"Now confess that you are looking through spectacles a little less gray," he said.

He looked at her as he spoke; and the fact that she was compelling herself to smile became apparent to him.

"If by going from one room to another we could leave our griefs behind us, how incessantly we should be on the move—what a restless people we should become!" she said. "We should learn at last the meaning of perpetual motion."

"What a melancholy view to take of life! And what a face—a tone! What has so changed you, Marvel? You were a merry child when I married you; you are now sad and grave to an excess. Am I to believe"—remorsefully—"that it is I who have spoiled your life?"

"You? Oh, no!"

"Your marriage with me then?"

"That is part," said she, with a gentle truthfulness; "because it is harder than you know to live unloved. But that other thing"—she paled and turned away from him—"the knowledge that shame rests upon my birth—that is the sting that hurts and galls, and kills each happy moment."

"Why can you not learn to forget, as others do?"

"Do they? Who can be sure of that? And, at all events, it is not possible to me. Even in my dreams that shame lives with me."

She raised her shining miserable eyes to his.

"When I see all these people—when I mix with them—when you see me laughing, and apparently as light-hearted as they—do you ever know how it is with me? I am not so deaf that I cannot hear a word there, a whisper here. They admire me—— Yes, if you will—but as a thing apart. I am not one of them."

"A charm in itself"—lightly.

"One I do not appreciate"—bitterly. "I would willingly forget that I am nameless."

"You are not that, certainly."

"But 'Marvel'—what a name! One given me by you in a moment's freak—a name not blessed by Church or priest!"

"You have another, however—I beg you will not put that out of remembrance—'Craven.' That at least was blessed by Church and priest. You cannot deny it."

"I would indeed that I could," said she, with such a solemn melancholy and with such deep sincerity of tone that he glanced at her keenly.

"An ungracious speech!" he said.

"Oh, no"—quickly—"I did not mean it so! It was for your sake alone I made it. Do you know"—regarding him wistfully—"I sometimes wonder at you, you have been so very good to me."

She broke off unsteadily, and raised her hand to her round girlish throat, as if to still the throbbing there.

"Sometimes too I ask myself why it is you do not curse me."

"Marvel!"

He spoke in a quick shocked tone, and drew away her hand from her throat, and held it firmly.

"I do," she went on rapidly, passionately. "I will speak now, if for the last time. But for my folly, our marriage would never have been! It is all my fault—all. I should never have married you! My unknown birth—nay, my birth that at any moment may be worse than unknown, because known to be dishonorable—should have been a barrier between us. She told me that."

"She? Who?"

"Mrs. Scarlett. She has"—bitterly—"your interests very much at heart. She told me very frankly that she hated me because I had ruined your life—that my unhappy position as a mere stray flung up out of the mire of the world at your feet is the one thing you cannot forgive—that I am the solitary blot upon the old name so dear to you. She said so much—so much! Oh"—tears starting to her eyes—"she need not have said it! I knew it—I felt it all along ago!"

She covered her eyes with her hands.

"It was cruel!" she said breathlessly.

"Infamously so," said Wriothesley, who had turned rather white—"and a lie into the bargain! Were you this instant proved to be——"

"Oh, don't," she cried, with fierce pain, putting up her hands to check him—"don't put it into words! I cannot bear it!"

Then she grew calmer.

"And why too, should you forswear yourself for me? I am nothing—I need be nothing to you. That I trouble, that I fetter you, I know. But what"—with a miserably-appealing glance—"can I do? You must only wait for death to set you free from me. Day by day I pray for it; yet it never comes. What else can I do?"

She was trembling. Suddenly she looked up at him.

"There is one thing that hurts me," she said, with the nervous abruptness of a little child—"that you should have loved her!"

"What one of us but bears the scars of some past folly?" exclaimed he quickly. "At least you do me justice in acknowledging that such a love is dead. Once, I admit I loved her wildly, unreasonably; yet I have lived to bless Heaven that my wishes then in that mad past were denied me. I swear to you that now she is hateful in my sight."

At that moment the doors communicating with the room they had just left were again flung open—violently this time—and Mrs. Scarlett stood on the threshold.

She looked old, haggard, wild. She held something clutched in her right hand, and, as she advanced into the room, she held it out to Marvel. It was the battered locket that Wriothesley had taken from his wife and flung angrily upon a table.

"Where did you get this?" she cried hoarsely. "Is it yours? Speak, girl!"

"It is mine—yes," said Marvel, going forward quickly, as if to take it; but Mrs. Scarlett waved her back.

"Where did you get it?" she demanded again. "Why do you hesitate? Answer me—I command you!"

Marvel drew back and glanced at Wriothesley, as if frightened, as if imploring his support.

"Pray, try to control yourself when addressing Lady Wriothesley," he said, with a look full of ill-suppressed anger directed at Mrs. Scarlett, "if, indeed"—coldly—"it be necessary that you should speak to her at all."

"Do you hear me? Answer!" said she, precisely as though she had not heard him, which, indeed, she had not. "Where did you get this thing?"

"I cannot tell you that; I do not know," said Marvel, speaking as though compelled by some superior force. "All I know is that it was round my neck on that night when I was abandoned to the fury of the storm and was rescued from it by——"

She turned with rather a dreamy, confused air, and held out her hand to Wriothesley. Once again that pitiless storm seemed to break above her head.

"You—you!" cried Mrs. Scarlett, in a low, piercing tone that was barely above a whisper. "That, of all others, it should be you! Sweet Heaven, what a revenge for you!"

She paused and gasped as if for breath, and then went on:

"All along the truth was bare to me, and I would not see; but, when this picture"—crushing the locket between her icy fingers—"looked back at me as I gazed on it, I knew."

"Knew what?" demanded Marvel, leaning forward with parted lips.

"That the face within this trinket is that of your father."

"My father?"

The words fell from her in a little hushed tone. At last—at last was she to learn the mystery of her life, and through this woman? Her heart sank within her.

"It is he then," she said faintly. "But you—what do you know of him? You——"

All at once an awful expression grew within her eyes; her face blanched to a deathly pallor. Like a lightning-stroke the undreamt-of truth seemed about to descend upon her; but still she made a last faint struggle against it.

"You are not——"

She faltered, and shrank back shivering.

"Oh, no—oh, no!" she cried, in wildest protestation.

"You have guessed it; I am your mother!" said Mrs. Scarlett.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MARVEL did not move; she stood pale, motionless, as one smitten into marble. A great wave of emotion, strong, terrible, swept over her face, leaving it as colorless as a spent lily.

There was horror in it, mingled with a wild hope: and there were dread and a curious longing.

As for Mrs. Scarlett, she seemed all at once to have fallen into the grasp of relentless age.

Her mouth had grown thin and drawn, her eyes become sunken. She stood staring at Marvel with a gaze that was terrible because of the intensity of it.

So this girl whose life she had been slowly poisoning for the past four months was her own daughter—her own child! She had brought together all her ingenuity, all the subtle forces of her teeming brain, to compass—what?

The destruction, body and soul, of this creature who by all rights, human and divine, should have been the most sacred thing to her on earth.

She had hated her with a bitter relentless hatred; yet all through it seemed to her now that she had known.

The truth had pressed itself upon her at certain moments—had stood out boldly before her, daring her to disbelieve; yet she had thrust it from her! But not for a moment now did she attempt to deceive herself.

That pale slender child over there—Wriothesley's wife—was the link between her and the dead past that she had so loathed and feared to find.

A silence that was full of a strange fascination had fallen upon all three, but Wriothesley after a while broke it.

"You have created an admirable situation," he said unpleasantly—"a very dramatic *denouement;* but you will pardon me if I say I should like to hear something about the commencement of your plot."

"You would hear?" she said slowly, turning upon him the old enigmatical smile, which now was tinged with cruelty. "Well, you shall."

She had overheard his last remark just as she entered the room, and the bitterness of it still rankled in her mind.

Much as she had hated Marvel, more by a thousand-fold did she detest this man who now stood before her, sneering, sceptical, contemptuous—who had once been her lover.

"But first a question or two," she continued, as she turned to Marvel. "This locket—you say it was found on you the night that Lady Mary Craven took you into her house? That night—tell me of it."

"There was a storm," Marvel said confusedly. "It was a wild, tempestuous night. Often and often it all comes back to me—the roaring as of many winds, the dense darkness, the crashing of the branches overhead, the screaming of some sea-birds from the shore below, and then the stepping out of the blackness of death, as it were, into the sweet glare of life."

"A storm? Yes. And how many years ago was it? How old were you then?"

"Three—more perhaps. I cannot tell."

"Four"—curtly. "Now do you remember anything of the woman who abandoned you on that night?"

"It is such a vague memory, I cannot describe her," said Marvel, in a distressed tone that contrasted oddly with the suppressed vehemence of the other. "She was old—worn."

"It seems to me," said Wriothesley, breaking in brusquely upon her speech, but addressing Mrs. Scarlett, "it is our own tale we are hearing, and not yours. You have made a most extraordinary assertion, and I must ask you to verify it without help from us."

He identified himself so persistently with his wife that the latter looked up at him with shining luminous eyes, and moved involuntarily nearer to him.

"Do you think I am trying to make up a story?" said Mrs. Scarlett, with a short laugh. "Why, how would it serve me to cumber myself now with a grown daughter? And are you indeed in such mad haste to hear what I have to tell? Well, hear it!"

There was defiance in the glance she cast at him, but there was exhaustion in the air with which she sank into a chair near her.

"When I was her age," she began, indicating Marvel by a slight gesture, "there came to the dull secluded village where I lived alone with my father, a young man. My father was well-born but poor, and therefore of small account; the young man was rich. A very orthodox beginning to a romance—eh?"—with a cold sneering laugh. "There was good hunting in the neighborhood, and he took a house for the season about three miles from where we lived. He saw me, met me, loved me. I was lovable then, I assure you"—with a swift and bitter glance at Wriothesley. "I was like her!"

She waved her hand slowly towards Marvel.

"His name?" asked Wriothesley very shortly.

"Must you know that, too? Well, it hardly matters. Brandreth—Brandreth Bolleau. It is so long since I have uttered that name that I find almost a difficulty in speaking it," she said heavily, with a vain attempt at lightness which failed to hide the agony that shone within her sombre eyes. "He loved me, as I have said, but marriage with me would have been ruin to every worldly hope he had. There was the inevitable uncle—rich, childless, titled. The title would pass to Brandreth; but very little of the estates was entailed, and the barren honor of calling himself a lord would not have sufficed him—would, indeed, hardly have kept body and soul together in that state of life to which he had been called. And the old man, the uncle, had other views for him. To disappoint him meant disinheritance. So we loved in silence, in secrecy; and then"—she raised her hand to her throat, as if being suffocated—"then, five months after we met, he died!"

She paused and pressed the palm of her hand upon the locket lying on the table as if she would have crushed it in her pain.

"It was a railroad accident. It was useless to do anything; he was a whole day dead before I heard of it—still, cold, the beauty frozen on his face. Oh!"

Her voice died away in a long, gasping sigh, and she smote her hands together. There was intolerable anguish in her tone as she continued—anguish fresh as though the story of her woe had been first told an hour agone.

"He was all the world to me, and he was dead! Yet I lived!" she said.

She swayed a little. It became evident to Wriothesley that, apart from the excitement of the moment and the cruelty of the memories she had evoked, she was extremely ill.

But, as he stepped forward to help her, she roused herself and drove him back from her with an imperious gesture.

"Don't touch me! Do you think I am

such a feeble thing," she said, "that even such memories will kill me? Pah—you do not understand—you could not love like that! Well, he was dead—it was all over! And then, just then, I found that she," pointing to Marvel, who stood with head down-bent and face ashen pale, "was to be born. That was the cruellest sting of all!"

A slight sound broke from Marvel. Wriothesley held up an entreating hand.

"Spare her what you can!" he begged.

"Why should I spare her one pang?" she said coldly, in the low even tone she had maintained all through. "Was I spared? Did I not suffer? Who came to my assistance when I knew not what to do or where to turn to hide my head? At that time too my father died. I thanked Heaven for that!"

For the first time a soft, a human light grew within her eyes.

"He never knew," she said.

Somehow, as those words passed her lips, Marvel's soul died within her.

She drew herself away from Wriothesley's protecting arm, and a low moan broke from her.

"You have heard enough for to-day. Wait—hear the rest another time," said he anxiously.

"No, no!"—feverishly. "Do you think I could wait? Let me hear it all at once. Is suspense a light burden?"

"There was a woman," went on Mrs. Scarlett in her low monotone, which now had no emotion in it—"an elderly woman—my own nurse she had been, and in her I confided. Together we left home and sought a remote village on the Cornish coast; and there you were born."

She raised her eyes to Marvel's with a reluctant dislike.

"Even then," she said, "as you lay helpless, powerless within my arms, I hated you!"

She pushed back the hair from her forehead and drew a long breath, then laughed a little.

"It is true," she said. "The very brute beast will love its offspring, but I loathed mine! As soon as I dared stir I forsook you, and left you with my nurse. An aunt of mine with whom I had kept up a desultory sort of correspondence, and who was well married and mixing in the world, wrote asking me to go and live with her. I gladly consented. I even grasped at the chance it opened out to me of retrieving my folly and making myself such a place in the world as I had ever hoped for. But you," looking at Marvel, "you destroyed all, you, and this!"

Again she laid her hand upon the locket wherein lay the dead man's face, the man who alone had ever touched her worldly heart, for whose sake she had been deaf and blind evermore to the attractions of all others.

It was the one saving trait in her cold, calculating, ambitious nature, that one wild absorbing passion of her youth.

"I feared the discovery of you. You hung like a mill-stone round my neck!" she said, still with her reluctant gaze fixed on Marvel, who shrank and shivered before her. "And the woman who kept you grew greedy for her claims. She wrote always for money, and I had none to give. Though living in affluence with that rich woman, my aunt," with a sudden imprecation of awful bitterness, "I had not one penny even that I could call my own. I had dresses, trinkets, but no pocket-money to speak of. Once she discovered me trying to pawn a ring, and after that there was no single moment that I could call my own. Perhaps she suspected something. I never knew; but at all events the woman, the nurse, though importunate, was faithful. She never betrayed me. Still, when she found she could get no money from me, she tired of you," turning her cold cruel eyes on Marvel, "tired, as have all the others!"

"Oh, no! Oh, have pity!" said the girl in a slow painful tone that went to Wriothesley's heart.

"You will have the truth. Now hear it!" said she relentlessly. "Yes, even that woman who nursed you would fain be rid of you when she discovered that I could not supply her with the money needful for your wants and her extortionate demands. Your birth was a horror to me," slowly, "the thought of you a constant, never-dying fear. When, at the end of four years, the woman wrote to me to say you were dead, I rejoiced!"

She spoke with such deliberate malignancy that the blood rose to Wriothesley's face.

He glanced compassionately at Marvel. She was pale; an icy chill seemed to have passed over her. She shuddered.

"Then at last I felt free; the hateful chain that bound me was loosed. I blessed death from my very heart. An old man, rich, pliable, a hideous old man, had been my suitor for some time. Just then he offered himself to me for the third time, and I accepted him. I married Mr. Scarlett, and for the first time for five years a sense of rest stole over me. It lasted for seven years. Then I had a letter from the nurse to say that she was dying, that she was indeed at the very point of death, that I must go to her, and quickly, if I would see her alive and hear from her own lips that which would influence my entire life."

She was silent for a moment, as if thinking.

"I arrived at her house a day after the summons reached me, I found her at the very portals of that city we all so fear to enter. She had barely sufficient strength left to tell me that the child whom she had taken from me, and who she had sworn was dead, was still living."

"Perhaps she lied," said Wriothesley hoarsely.

"No; the dying seldom lie, and there was that on her face which forbade the thought of it. She said she had found it impossible to support herself and the child on the small and uncertain sums I was able to send to her from time to time; so that at last she determined to rid herself of her nursling by leaving her secretly at some workhouse where she was unknown. One evening, with this purpose in her mind, she set out with the child, and for many days wandered vaguely inland, not knowing now or fearing to accomplish it. Her heart, she said, failed her as each occasion presented itself; but, for myself, I don't believe in hearts, had she said her courage failed, I should have understood."

She shrugged her shoulders slightly, and a faint sneer curled her lips.

"At last there came a night when, as they trudged wearily, aimlessly along the highway, a storm burst above their heads. It drove them to the gate of a long dark avenue. On the instant a thought came to the woman. She pushed open the gate and sped quickly with the child between the rows of stately limes, until the white lights of the house gleaming on the awful darkness told her that the fulfilment of her desire was at hand. In the pitchy blackness who could see her lowering the baby to the ground? She fought her way through the roaring winds and blinding rain to the steps of a stone staircase that evidently led to a room above from which shone out the yellow glare of lamps. There she abandoned the child, and, with a last parting command to her to climb the steps, deserted her for ever."

"A worthy accomplice indeed of a worthy mother!" said Wriothesley bitterly.

"Nay, sir! Your hatred runs away with you. She was no accomplice of mine. You have paid but ill heed to my words, or you would remember that all this that she breathed to me on her dying bed was new and most unwelcome tidings."

"Do not speak, do not interrupt, let me hear it all!" entreated Marvel, turning upon him a look of anguish.

"Well, there is more to tell?" questioned he, in answer to her appeal, addressing Mrs. Scarlett.

"No more. So far she had got in her narrative when she raised herself high on her pillet, stared wildly at me, made a last fearful effort to speak, and then dropped back like a stone upon her pillow. I seized her; I called aloud to her to name the village near which the child had been left; but all in vain. I even shook her violently, hoping thus to recall her, if only for a moment, to a sense of this life; but I failed. I even think," angrily, "that my violence frustrated my own hopes, that that last shake hurried her end! At all events, she was dead, and with her went every chance of learning the truth."

"What was the child's name?" asked Wriothesley abruptly.

"'Margaret,' she had been christened; 'Meg,' the woman called her; for me, I called her nothing."

Meg! As a long-past dream suddenly recurs to one's memory, bringing with it a train of thought that has seemed dead and buried for many a day, so now there rushed upon the mind of Marvel and Wriothesley a remembrance of that past wild yet happy hour when a little child had been drawn in by loving hands from the damp and death of night to the warmth of a fireside shelter, a little child so small, so cold that her white lips could scarcely tell them that her name was "Meg."

They had not known what it meant then, the boy who was now a man, the woman who now was dead, but the man remembered, and turned his eyes upon Marvel with even a gentler tenderness than he had betrayed before.

That little vague sound "M'g" had meant "Meg"—Margaret.

Alas for the sorrow of it! thought he, dwelling on her grief alone, giving no thought to his own natural regret.

At that moment Marvel slowly raised her head.

She was deadly pale, her eyes gleamed. She came right up to Mrs. Scarlett, and laid a burning hand on hers.

"I have heard all," she said; "but there is one thing yet. There was a marriage between you and——" She pointed to the open locket.

"Say so!"

There was silence; her face now was ghastly, and mechanically she laid both her slender palms on Mrs. Scarlett's arms, and shook her to and fro.

"Say, say!" she said, her voice being almost a command.

A malignant smile lit up the other's face. She flung the girl from her with a little swift movement and turned her eyes full on Wriothesley.

"There was no marriage," she said. "Why should I lie to please you?" slowly glancing round Marvel. "No, there was no marriage. He lived, he loved, he died, that was all."

She broke into wild laugh.

"Does it hurt you?" she cried; and then, in a slow venomous way, "I am glad of it. Ah, how often you have hurt me!"

A quiver ran through Marvel's slender frame.

She caught hold suddenly of one of the curtains near her, as if to steady herself, and then, with a deploring gesture, turned her face to the wall.

She leaned her arms against it, and her head on them; if she could have hidden herself away and shut out from herself the world's light for ever, she would have done so.

Where indeed was rest or peace or light to be found for her ever again? How should she endure the glare of this earth's scrutiny in all the years to come?

There was something so forlorn in her attitude, there was such an abandonment in it to an eternal despair, that it maddened Wriothesley.

He went up to her and tried eagerly to draw her to him; but she resisted him with such a passionate vehemence that he did not dare to insist.

He turned from her, and directed all the anger and grief, the sorrow and indignation in him which made his heart sore, to her who was the author of it.

"You see!" he said, indicating Marvel by a gesture. "Are you satisfied? Your devilish acts have brought her to this! It should be enough almost for you, I think."

"Almost!"—coolly. She turned a calm smileless face to his. "You think I should feel regret," she said; "you will deem me a devil when I tell you that I feel only satisfaction."

Then her tone changed to a sudden fierceness that seemed to sweep all before it.

"See you!" cried she, in a voice vindictive, terrible. "I hated her always; I knew her on that first terrible night, when in all her beauty she entered the room and stood before me. I knew her as well as though her story had been written in black and white upon the wall that faced me. There stood my sin before me, living, inexorable! Oh," she put out her hands as though she would have crushed the slight stricken figure near her, "if I could have killed her, I would!"

"Be silent, woman!" said Wriothesley, with authority.

"What a tone from you to me!" said she, a mocking inflection in her voice. "Have you forgotten a time when you only piped or sang, wept or laughed at my command? Truly men's memories are short, but women's long-lived; and revenge is mine this day."

A low cruel laugh fell from her lips.

"I have the best of it now," she said, pointing to Marvel's crushed attitude "You think me inhuman," she went on, turning lightly to Wriothesley. "Perhaps you are right; but, if so, the world has been the cause of it. What—shall I suffer all things at its hands and show no sign, make no sign? A cruel fate blighted my best days, the same cruel fate pursues me to this day, and shall I, when my hour comes, forbear to strike? All my life long my dearest hopes have been blasted almost as fruition seemed nearly within my grasp. The one creature whom I loved was taken from me when as yet I was but a child; the one great ambition of my existence, a chance that would have raised me high above even my fondest aspirations, slipped from my hold almost as my fingers closed upon it. Death once again stepped in and slew my ambition as it had slain my love; and to have been a duchess would have compensated for all."

She closed and unclosed her fingers rapidly, and an expression of baffled desire, of a disappointment too great almost to be borne, darkened her face.

"The old man! Had he but lived only one short day!" she said between her teeth. "The malignancy of fate!"

She drew her breath sharply and recovered herself.

As she did so, she caught Wriothesley's gaze fixed on her, and a derisive smile parted her lips.

"And you—you poor fool!" she said, with a bitter sneer. "Throughout all that time you believed that I loved you. You could not see that you were the simple tool kept ever near me to urge that old man to lay his title at my feet. You could not realize that, even as you knelt at my feet and poured out there all the treasures of your love, you were less than nothing to me, and mere means to an end in which you would have no part. And what a lover you made"—she laughed aloud—"an ideal one! What raptures—what ecstasies—what protestations! And now inexpressibly they bored me at all times!"

"I thank Heaven they did!" said Wriothesley vehemently. The hot blood mounted to his brow and shame covered him. That she—that poor stricken child—should hear all this now, at a moment of such terrible cruelty. "Have you no shame in you that you talk so now, when all that past madness is over, when you know ——"

"That you love her now, and not me—that you love her perhaps as you never loved me even in your best days? Oh, yes, I know all that! But I know too that the memory of that past will rankle in her and spoil whatever happy hours the future may give her."

Wriothesley did not hear her last words; he was watching Marvel.

Had she heard this woman's own assurance that his old fierce passion for her was indeed dead—that his love for her—his wife—burned warmly, purely, as that first had never done? Oh, if she could but hear! He looked at the tall childlike motionless form, with its face buried against the wall, and his heart died within him. What could compensate her for such misery as was hers to-day? Still had she heard? And, if so, did she believe? It might at least—even if she did not care—be some slight reparation. But he could not judge if one word had come to her.

She stood silent, in an attitude that spoke only of despair.

Presently however, as if she felt the magnetism of his gaze, she slowly raised her her head and turned her face towards him.

There was a terrible self-reproach upon it, a remorse that was painful.

"How can I ever hope that you will forgive me?" she said. "The disgrace—the shame—what could wash it out? Ah," sighing heavily, and turning her eyes on Mrs. Scarlett, "you were right indeed when you said I had ruined his life!"

"I am glad of it," said Mrs. Scarlett.

"Oh, mother—oh, mother!" cried the girl, in a sharp tone of passionate reproach, of unutterable misery; and she let her face fall forward into her hands.

There was a moment's dead pause after that wild strange cry, and then all at once, and without an instant's warning, there was a little rustle of Mrs. Scarlett's gown; and instinctively Marvel and Wriothesley looked towards her.

She was livid, ghastly. Her hands were clutching the back of a chair near her, and she was swaying from side to side as one in mortal agony.

Marvel rushed to her and caught her in her arms; she had been quicker than Wriothesley.

Mrs. Scarlett's grasp upon the chair relaxed, and she pressed her right hand convulsively to her side.

"Oh, this pain, this anguish!" she loudly moaned.

Broken words fell from her lips, the perspiration stood out upon her brow; and then presently there came a great silence.

She was still lying senseless in Marvel's arms when at last the servants came, in answer to Wriothesley's continued ringing, and lifted her from where she was half stretched upon the ground.

They bore her away and carried her upstairs to her chamber, and laid her on her bed, where she lay inert, unconscious, long after the arrival of the doctor, who had been summoned with all haste.

Another was telegraphed for to town, and the whole house was in a commotion.

Mrs. Scarlett recovered consciousness later on, but was declared by the physicians to be in a very critical state. She went from one fit of insensibility into another, and only as the chill gray morning broke rallied slightly. Marvel was with her then; and she appeared to know, and put out her hand feebly towards her. It was the first sign she had given of knowing any one of those who stood around her.

The guests staying at Grange Court faded away as swiftly as shadows; the presence of death scared them, and, besides, their visits had drawn to an end.

At last no one was left in the house save Sir George Townshend—who would not go in spite of all his lady-love's hints, who was disturbed by Mrs. Scarlett's bad taste in choosing her house as a hospital—Wriothesley, Marvel, and the invalid.

The condition of the ailing woman varied from day to day. A nurse had been sent down from town; but, when the paroxysms of pain which now followed one upon the other with startling and distressing frequency seized upon the patient, it was found that Marvel only had the power to soothe and calm her—so much so that the physicians looked round instinctively for Lady Wriothesley's pale sad face and slight girlish figure when the pain caught the wasted figure in the bed and rent her sore.

And Marvel answered to their call. She clung, with a persistency that annoyed Cicely beyond measure, to the sick-room, devoting herself, with an eagerness that puzzled every one but Wriothesley, to the irritable creature whom disease had brought from high estate to be low as any peasant born.

Cicely remonstrated with Marvel, now wildly, now angrily.

Was she going to throw away her health, her beauty, for a woman who had scorned and insulted her unceasingly so long as opportunity was given, and who was safe to do it again if ever she rose from her sick-couch?

Humanity was a charming thing, no doubt—the forgiveness of trespass a duty; but there was always a limit to all things—one should draw the line at a certain point, or overwhelming ruin would be the consequence.

And Marvel would shake her head, and smile her little pale, spiritless smile that always made Cicely long to shake her and then cry over her; but not for a scolding or coaxing would she forsake the chamber where the stricken woman lay.

She begged however of Cicely that she would keep Wriothesley out of it; his presence might disturb the sick woman, she said. But there was such violent, if suppressed, anxiety in her tone as she pressed the matter on her that Cicely could not help wondering afterwards if it were possible that jealousy still reigned in that gentle bosom.

She was so far troubled by Marvel's vehemence about this thing that she even mentioned it to Wriothesley, being of opinion that much reticence on certain delicate points led to a great deal of the world's disorder.

She watched him keenly as she spoke, and noticed how his color changed.

The truth was, he had guessed long before the reason why she so secluded herself—why she shrank from meeting him.

The horrible revelation which had been poured with such venom into their ears on that luckless afternoon stood now between him and her like a black cloud, impenetrable, immovable.

She would not meet him; she feared to look into his eyes. It hurt him indescribably to feel how small was the trust she placed in him, how entirely dead she was to the real and very honest affection he entertained for her.

Were all the world before him, to choose therefrom the one he loved, she, and she alone, would be his choice.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MIZPAH.

BY S. E. D.

We never used the word while thou and I
Walked close together in life's working way:
There was no need for it, when hand and eye
Might meet, content and faithful, every day.
But, now, with anguish from a stricken heart,
Mizpah! I cry; the Lord keep watch between
Thy life and mine, that death hath riven apart:
Thy life beyond the awful veil, unseen,
And my poor broken being, which must glide
Through ways familiar to us both, till death
Shall, of a surety, lead me to thy side,
Beyond the chance and change of mortal breath.
Mizpah! yea, love, in all my bitter pain,
I trust God keepeth watch betwixt us twain.

Foiled By A Woman.

BY BERYL.

CHAPTER II.

PERHAPS I was a fool. Probably Mr. Philip would have said that I was; but, with the fever-ish touch of her hand on mine, and at the sight of the look of passionate entreaty in her eyes, my confidence in her returned.

Here was a face for a man to put his trust in; if she were in league with these men to rob and murder me—well, I should pay for my credulity with my life, that was all.

It was a heavy price; but, looking into her face, I was willing to risk it rather than forsake her, if she really needed my protection.

She seemed to breathe more freely after the young man had left the car; she leaned back in her corner, and closed her eyes.

The big man gave himself a little shake, and presently, on a very slight pretext, entered into conversation with me, in German.

He spoke little English, he said, and I spoke no French.

The girl opposite to me was intently watchful, I could see, by the occasional quiver of the long lashes against her pale cheek; but she did not join in the conversation.

Before very long I discovered my worthy friend in the fur-coat was endeavoring to "pump" me. It did not require very much adroitness on my part to make this discovery, for he was clumsy in the extreme.

I found it better to uphold the main facts of my previous conversation with the young lady; so I let him imagine she was my sister, and that she and I had been spending a couple of months in Switzerland.

The big man looked extremely dissatisfied with the nature of my replies, and presently dropped the conversation, as if it bored him.

The train rushed on through the darkness, the hissing and panting of the engine beating in on our ears with dull monotonous regularity.

Looking at my watch, I saw that the night was far advanced. It was close upon four. At five we should reach Paris.

In spite of my best efforts to keep alert, I felt a drowsiness creeping over me. The man in the fur coat was buried in slumber, his pendulous cheeks hanging against his fur collar; only the girl sat up, erect and vigilant, with wide-open eager glittering eyes.

Her healthy color had faded, leaving her face very pale.

Still that deathly drowsiness was overpowering me more and more; my head felt as heavy as lead, my eyes would close involuntarily, while the panting noise of the engine, and the smooth rapid motion of the train, seemed to lull me into unconsciousness.

I awoke with a start. The car-door had been opened, letting in a rush of the cold night air. The guard was coming in to punch our tickets.

With him entered the dark man, who had left the car hours before, at the first station after Dijon.

He dropped down moodily in the corner, and spoke in a sharp surly tone to his friend, who was stupid with sleep, like myself.

"You have been asleep, George," said the young lady brightly.

"Yes, I believe I have," I returned, rather shamefacedly—"dozing, rather."

The dark man looked at us inquisitively, then began to talk volubly to his companion, who replied with more animation than he had yet displayed.

A quarter to five. Well, I was safe now, unless they meant to attack, and rob me, and silence me, all in a quarter of an hour. I could not help giving a sigh of satisfaction as the train glided out of the darkness into the suburbs of the city, where here and there glimmered the light of some early riser.

I was wondering what was to be the next scene in the drama, when the young lady spoke. She rolled up her shawls and rugs with the neat celerity of an experienced traveler, then turned to me.

"We had better drive across the city to the other station. Will you get a cab? I will stay with the luggage on the platform."

I assented, and in another minute we reached the station, every one getting out of the train.

Her bag and strap of rugs were soon side by side on the platform, my bag resting on the top of them for the moment, while I assisted her to alight. I was taking it in my hand, when she said very emphatically—

"Leave it there. Do you think some one will run away with your precious surgical instruments? I assure you, you over-prize them."

As she spoke, the younger man who had traveled with us turned and stared into her face with a leer so rude that I could willingly have knocked him down. She was deathly white, and as if she were on the point of fainting.

She raised her eyes beseechingly to mine, and I left my bag and went.

Was I a fool? Is the man who trusts a woman always a fool? If she and the bag were gone on my return, I could go and throw myself into the Seine.

Perhaps I was suffering from a mid-winter night's madness; but, at all risks, I would trust her, I could not look into her face and doubt her.

When I returned she was still standing there, motionless, in the garish lamp-light, and close by her was the dark man. My bag was on the top of the pile of luggage.

If they had changed it, they had been very deft, for there was the familiar "G.A." in white letters on it.

My companion spoke only once as we drove slowly across the city to the northern station.

"Do you think those men are following us?" she asked.

Was she a spy, or some character more or less suspicious, that I was thus aiding to escape? But for the responsibility those jewels entailed, I should rather have enjoyed the situation.

As it was, I could think of nothing else but them, praying fervently that I might find them safe within the bag.

We had half an hour to wait before the Calais train left. I suggested breakfast to my companion; she looked so wan in the early morning light, and she was trembling from head to foot.

She assented, but she could not eat; she merely sipped her coffee, and then suddenly set down her cup, and looked past me with terror-stricken eyes.

I had my back to the door; but in the mirror opposite I saw the two men who had traveled with us during the night advance boldly into the room.

"They have followed us!" she gasped. "What shall we do? I can bear this no longer."

"Do not be afraid," I said reassuringly. "I will take care of you."

The two men sat down at a small table just behind us, well within earshot of our conversation.

I ate my breakfast in silence, wondering what was the punishment for assisting a criminal to escape, and what would become of my sisters and Jack if I were sentenced to penal servitude for ten or twenty years.

"If you get into the car," I said, as the train was about to start, "I will stand at the door, and see that at least they do not travel in the same car with us."

She obeyed in silence. I lighted a cigar, and stood at the car-door, smoking, until the guard came along the platform, slamming the doors.

At the last moment I jumped in, and, looking out of the window, saw the train glide past the two men, who were in earnest conversation, the younger man looking fiercely angry, and the burly old fellow in the fur coat seeming hopelessly dejected.

"We have left them behind!" I said triumphantly, turning to companion.

"Thank Heaven!" she said earnestly. "Now that we are alone," she added, "I will explain my conduct of last night, which I am sure you must think needs explanation."

"You look sorely in need of rest," I remarked, as she paused. "And you did not touch a morsel of breakfast."

"I could not," she said feverishly—"not with those terrible men close to me. Thank Heaven, that weary awful night is over at last!"

She seemed to be too agitated to say more just then. When we had left Paris behind, and the train was rushing along through green pasture-lands, on which the sunshine lay warmly, and the sky was blue and cloudless, she roused herself and spoke.

"Leaving Vallorbes last night, after the luggage was examined I got into the compartment where those two men were. I did not like their looks; but there was no time to change cars, and I reflected that if they made themselves disagreeable I could change at the next station. They did not however take any notice of me, and I felt amused at my own nervousness. I soon discovered they were speaking in Russian."

"You know Russian?" I said admiringly.

"Yes; I lived some years in Russia," she replied. "I then found they were planning a murder."

"A murder!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; they were planning to murder you."

I stared at her, wondering if, after all, she were simply a lunatic.

"You think me mad," she said. "I am not, though once or twice last night I felt nearly so."

"But how did you know they were speaking of me?" I asked, stammering in my excitement.

"I listen, and I will tell you all. The old man in the fur coat had come from Geneva to Vallorbes earlier in the day, to wait for the other, who had telegraphed to him from Lausanne. The old man was cross and dissatisfied, and wanted to know what was wrong.

"'I will tell you,' said the other curtly. 'There is a hundred thousand roubles' worth of jewels in this train. They are at present in the hands of a solitary man, an Englishman. My plan is this. After we leave Dijon——'

"'Take care! Does that girl over there understand what we are saying?' interrupted the elder man.

"'Pshaw! When does an Englishwoman know any language but her own, least of all Russian? I shall try her any way.'

"He stood up, and came towards me, politely raising his hat. He addressed me in Russian; I shook my head. Next he tried German; I again shook my head. Then he spoke in French; I answered that readily, as though rather pleased to understand him at last. A trivial discussion about the window being open or shut took place between us, and then he retired to his corner.

"'You see I was right,' he went on, still speaking in Russian. 'She knows nothing but a smattering of French.'

"'Well, about the jewels?' said the other eagerly.

"'My plan is, when we leave Dijon, to change cars. The gentleman in charge of the jewels is in a smoking-car just behind us. There is no stopping for an hour after we leave Dijon; but we do not touch him until after we pass Flavigny. Then we have two good hours—time enough to throttle the fellow, cut his throat, to make sure he will never identify us, pitch him out of the car, leave the train at the junction for Fontainebleau, make our way down to Marseilles, and get off to Algiers. A hundred thousand roubles is worth leaving your beloved Geneva for—is it not?'

"The other replied, with a dreadful oath, that it was."

"But meanwhile, how did you know or guess it was of me these men were speaking?" I asked.

"I am coming to that," she said. "The elder man inquired how the other had come by his information. He replied that a friend of his, in the employment of a German named Heffner, in Lausanne, had given him a hint, and would of course expect some reward for his pains. An Englishman had arrived at Lausanne that morning, and had received from Herr Heffner these jewels in a small case. The Englishman had placed the case in a small hand-bag which he carried, and had left Lausanne immediately, on his way back to London.

"Suddenly I thought of you. I remembered your having mentioned that you had only crossed the mountains on your way to Lausanne that very morning. I was surprised at any one arriving from such a distance at eleven in the morning leaving again at five; I also remembered your evident confusion at the idea of submitting your bag for examination by the customs officers; also that you had no other luggage than the bag.

"Presently I found out that, in knowing your appearance, I possessed an advantage over these men. The younger man had failed to see you at Lausanne. Heffner's clerk had told him about you and the diamonds only about half an hour before the train left. He went to Heffner's office, in the hope of seeing you, but you had left. As Herr Heffner came unexpectedly into the office, he had to leave without getting a clear description of your personal appearance.

"The elder man appeared to be very angry at this, and denounced the whole affair as a wild-goose chase. Were they to go from car to car, and kill every Englishman they found? For his part, he knew there were four or five Englishmen in the train; one could not travel far without meeting them, and they generally showed fight too.

"'Then you are afraid,' sneered the younger man.

"'No, I am not afraid,' his companion answered; 'but I should like to tackle the right man at the first go.'

"'I ran up against the fellow I have my eye on,' remarked the other; 'I watched the passengers one by one filing into the douane at Vallorbes. When this fellow was coming out, I knocked against him and managed to feel that there was something both hard and heavy in his bag. I watched him into the train, and he is now sitting quietly in a smoking-compartment close by, ready to our hand.'

"'Is he armed?' quickly asked the elder man.

"'I really can't say,' replied the other, with a shrug of his shoulders. 'Are you alarmed?'

"'No,' said the man in the fur coat; 'but pistol-shots make a noise, and attract attention as a general rule.'

"'We won't give him time to use his pistol, if he has one; but he hasn't,' returned his companion. 'The English are foolhardy.'

"Then they relapsed into silence, and I sat in my corner, panic-stricken. What was I to do? The train rushed on through the darkness, every moment carrying you nearer to your doom. Should I appeal to the police at Dijon? That would not do. Could I warn you? I really felt I was going mad. At last the expedient which I afterwards adopted flashed upon my mind. I was determined to save you. If you came boldly to my car, and entered it, speaking familiarly to me, as to your sister, that would at once dispose of the idea that you were traveling alone.

"After the men left the car at Dijon, I wrote those hasty lines on the fly-leaf of a book. I slipped into the coffee-room, and, as you were standing by the counter, I put the paper into your hand. Then I went back to the car. I found there the elder of the two men; the other was walking on the platform. As he saw me lean forward and open the door for you, he leaped into the car, and told the other you was coming; but when he heard us speaking together so familiarly he seemed puzzled.

"He rapidly explained matters to the elder man, who evidently did not understand English. Every syllable we spoke he translated to the other. Then when I asked you how you had passed your surgical instruments at the douane, he swore aloud, and said you were not the man after all, and told his companion that we had spoken of having been in Switzerland two months.

"When the train reached Flavigny, and he stood up abruptly to leave the car, I nearly shrieked aloud in my terror. I thought he had seen through the whole matter, and was going to kill you. It was absurd of me, for I might have known he would not attack you in a station. Then the other entered into conversation with you in German. I did not join in it, as I had before pretended that I did not understand German. However, I soon found that he was questioning you.

"Just before we reached Paris the young man came back. He had gone from car to car, and could find no one who at all answered to the description he had received from Herr Heffner's clerk—no one except you, he added, with a fierce glance in your direction.

"I was terrified. I had hoped that all danger would be past on reaching Paris; but now, if his suspicions were again aroused, and he discovered we were but strangers to each other, what was to hinder him from following you to the other station, and carrying out his murderous intention? I felt too stupid and dazed after the long night of terror to make any explanation to you as we drove across Paris; besides, I had an idea they were following us, and might overhear, which was utterly absurd; but I was too alarmed to act reasonably."

"Reasonably!" I cried, overcome by the girl's story. "Why, you acted like a heroine—nobly! You saved my life by your courage—your presence of mind! How can I thank you? When I think of what you have undergone this night, of what you have done for me, and consider how I thought at Dijon that those men had been impertinent to you, and that you were throwing yourself upon my protection——"

"Did you think that?" she asked, smiling. "I am used to protecting myself," she added. "I should be rather badly off if I could not do so much."

"You looked surprised just now when I told you that I knew Russian," she observed presently. "My father died when I was fifteen, leaving my mother very poor, with myself and Mary, my sister, to provide for. My uncle sent me to school at Dresden for three years, and from there I went to Russia as governess in a wealthy Russian family. My uncle died lately, and left my mother comfortably off, so I am going to live home. I went to Lausanne from Russia, in charge of two of my pupils who were going to school there. That is all I have to tell."

At Calais a heavy wet sea-fog made us shiver as we hastened on board the boat. Again and again I mentally went over the bewildering events of the past night.

When we reached Dover the girl reappeared on deck, looking very pale and weary.

We had come but at half-speed through the fog, so the short wintry day was waning as we sped past the misty hop-fields of Kent.

My companion was evidently almost exhausted; she seemed disinclined to speak, and lay back in her corner of the car with closed eyes.

My ticket was for Cannon Street, and hers for Charing Cross.

Eager as I was to reach the office of my employers, I asked her if I might not go with her to Charing Cross; for I was really anxious about her, she looked so very weary and faint.

"They will meet me," she said, as I urged her to let me accompany her.

"Good-bye, then," I said reluctantly, holding her hand in mine in farewell. "We shall meet again soon."

It was not till the hansom had carried me half-way to Messrs. Mervyn's office, that I suddenly remembered I did not even know her name.

Ten minutes later I was in the inner sanctum, and Mr. Philip was going over the jewels, without a sign of emotion on his calm impassive face.

Mr. Mervyn, swinging his gold eyeglasses judicially, looked on, as diamonds, rubies, and emeralds gleamed and glittered in the lamp-light on the table.

"All right—all perfectly right," said Mr. Philip at last, closing the case, and looking up. "We have to thank you, Mr. Adams."

"You have shown that you merit our entire confidence," remarked his brother graciously.

Both were men of few words. I knew, though they said little, that henceforth I was a made man.

On reaching home I naturally related my adventures to the girls and Jack. They were as properly thrilled as I could desire them to be, and even the phlegmatic Fraulein, who had stayed with us and looked after us all since my mother's death, dropped her knitting, and ejaculated, "Mein Gott!"—an expression she had never been known to use before.

* * * * * *

"We shall meet again soon," I had said to her—to that fair brave woman who had saved my life—as I parted with her that

misty February evening.

Another February had come and gone since then, and it was June now, and yet I had never met her since.

How to seek her I know not, and yet I could never be happy again until I had found her.

Alice, my elder sister, married, Jack passed his examination for the Civil Service brilliantly, and the Messrs. Mervyn appointed me, at a largely increased salary, to the position of senior clerk, in the room of Moggs deceased; but none of these things seemed to interest me much.

Of what use was anything, so long as I did not know where she was?

I had long held to the delusion that my reason for wishing to see her again was only that I wanted to thank her for all she had done for me; but one day I learned that this was not all for which I desired to find her.

Suddenly, in the street, I came upon a lady walking with a gentleman, and at the first glance I thought it was she.

The fierce pang of jealousy that seized my heart at the same moment lingered with me long after I had discovered my mistake and gone on my way.

What if I should find her again, only to discover that she was the wife of another? And yet, if I found her unmarried, was there the vestige of a hope for me?

One lovely June day I took Polly, and two little cousins, down to Hampton Court. The children ran about the place merrily, and Polly relapsed into childhood whilst with them.

They strayed off somewhere, leaving me seated in one of the windows overlooking the park, and growing half drowsy in the sunshine which was pouring in so warmly.

Presently I heard girlish laughter, and the sound of light footsteps coming along the polished floor.

I looked round, and along the corridor I saw, coming towards me, two girlish figures gracefully dancing, heedless of the memory of all the dead kings and queens whose royal feet had passed this way.

Breathless and laughing, the girls waltzed into the room where I sat; then, seeing me, they hastily stopped the performance, and endeavored to pass on with dignity. I sprang towards them with a cry of delight, seizing the hands of the younger and taller girl.

"It is you—it is you!" I cried, unable in my joy to say anything more coherent.

A vivid color flushed her cheeks; she endeavored to withdraw her hands from my eager grasp.

"Mary,' she said, turning to her companion, who looked unfeignedly alarmed, "this is 'George!' "

Then she had not forgotten me. I thought egotistically.

"Oh!" said Mary, as if greatly enlightened.

"You see, I was a governess all the time I was young," said my captive apologetically; "that's why I romp and dance a little now."

I tried to tell her how I had longed to find her and thank her.

"There was nothing to thank me for," she said, blushing.

Then we walked along through the palace together, Polly having come up and been introduced.

"All I knew of you was that I had called you George," said my fair companion, "because 'G' was the first letter on your bag."

"And you were right," I answered; "George is my name. I was so surprised when you used it that night."

I discovered that her name was Lilias Burton, and she lived at Twickenham. I soon found my way there.

Mrs. Burton received me with graceful dignity. Mary and I soon became friends; but Lilias frigidly kept me at arm's length.

There was another male visitor at the cottage besides myself—a Mr. Ronald Clarke. I disliked him excessively—not so Lilias however; she and he appeared to be on excellent terms.

Mary and I were thrown together a good deal. I liked her very well indeed, and she was pleasant and agreeable; but I loved her sister, and it pained and grieved me to be ignored by her.

One evening I found myself strolling in the garden with Lilias. Mary's white dress was to be seen under the trees by the river-side, and Clarke was seated near her.

"Shall we go to the others?" asked Lilias abruptly.

"They don't want us," I replied.

"No, I don't suppose they do," she answered. "Don't you think Mary is looking much stronger than when you first saw her?"

"Yes," I replied, "she has lost the fragile look she used to have."

"So Ronald thinks too," she observed thoughtfully.

"He ought to be a better judge," I said stiffly; "he is an older friend than I am."

"Do you like Ronald, Mr. Adams?" she asked demurely.

"I daresay he is a very good young fellow."

"He is a very good young fellow," she said warmly—so warmly that my heart grew cold. "For years now he has faithfully loved Mary; but she has refused to marry him on account of her health. Now that she is so much stronger, he means to ask her again. I counselled him to do so, and I hope Mary will say 'Yes.' I have great sympathy for him."

"Lilias, why has your sympathy for him made you so unkind to me?" I asked boldly.

"I thought you liked Mary too," she faltered.

We walked slowly on in silence, my heart beating quickly. Presently I took Lilias's dear hand, and held it fast in mine.

"Lilias," I said abruptly, though softly, "I love you!"

"You always seemed to like being with Mary best," she murmured.

"You always seemed to like being with Clarke best," I retorted. "Lilias—dear Lilias—I have loved you ever since that February night! I have again and again anathematized my own stupidity in letting you go from me, as I did then. You might have been a little gentle to me when I did discover you, and not made me want to pitch Clarke into the river."

"Ronald is a much bigger man than you!" she interposed softly. "Why, I am nearly as tall as you!"

"What nonsense you are talking, my darling!" I said, boldly encircling her waist with my arm. "Ronald is a handsome fellow, superior to me in every way. But what I want to know is, which do you like the best—Ronald or me?"

"Ronald," she said perversely; then, turning suddenly to me, with her lovely face aglow—"I do not like you at all, George, you stupid fellow—I love you!"

We were married the following May. It was a quiet wedding, with the Fraulein, and Jack, and Polly, and Alice and her husband, to represent my side of the house; and Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Clarke to represent the bride's family.

When we returned to the cottage, after the ceremony, there lay upon the table a small red morocco case. Lilias opened it.

Within, on a background of pale-blue satin, lay a beautiful necklet of pearls, and accompanying it was a note containing good wishes and compliments from Mr. and Mrs. Philip Mervyn.

We passed our honeymoon in Switzerland.

I had said that night in the train that, the next time we went there, it should be in the summer. And I kept my word.

[THE END.]

A Norwegian Wedding.

VISITORS to Norway in the summer months may not improbably have an opportunity of seeing a country wedding, with its interesting display of quaint costumes.

Such was my good fortune when I stayed for a few days at Odde, at the head of the Hardanger fiord.

The Hardanger district is noted for the bright costume of the women. Their everyday dress is striking, but at weddings they excel themselves.

On ordinary occasions they wear a dark blue skirt made of cloth woven in the cottages, a white smock or shirt with full sleeves, and finished with a little neat embroidery or crochet work, and a fitting bodice of scarlet cloth, cut open to the waist in front, the opening filled in with a piece of beaded embroidery.

A beaded belt is worn round the waist, and a silver brooch at the throat, the whole forming a singularly bright and pretty costume.

Unmarried women wear their hair in two plaits down the back, but married women wear a huge cap made to stand out with pasteboard.

These caps are wonderful structures, almost impossible to describe. They are starched and stiffened in some way in washing, and are then pressed over layers of thin twigs in such a manner that the twigs act as an Italian iron and "rib" the surface of the caps till it has somewhat the appearance of corduroy.

The cap stands out several inches on either side of the head, and tapers gradually to a point about half way down the back.

The whole costume is especially becoming to the fine matronly faces and figures that abound in this part of the country. Norwegian women seem to improve as they grow older, and the faces of middle-aged women are full of kindliness and dignity.

On the day on which my visit to Odde came to an end I had a glimpse, if not of a wedding itself, at least of the arrival of the bridal party.

Along the fiord came a large boat, pulled by six stout oarsmen, and making its way through the water in a very different style from the crawling pace customary to Norwegian boats on ordinary occasions. As it drew nearer we could see that, besides the plainly clad men and the white-capped women, there were two brides on board.

The whole village, needless to say, turned out to see the sight, and a pretty scene was formed by the groups of women and girls, their white caps and scarlet bodices shining in the sun.

As I stood among the crowd and noticed the details of their dress, I was struck with the neatness and finish of it all, and the care which is evidently bestowed on small details.

One old dame wore the usual dark blue gown, but the sleeves were relieved with the neatest of pea-green cuffs, sewn to the dress with indescribable care and finish.

The close black cap she wore was edged with a piping of yellow, and beneath was a shrewd, kindly face. The green dye, which reappears on various articles of clothing, but which, alas! is said to be going out of fashion, is made from a kind of "stagshorn" moss, which grows freely on the hill sides.

In all these things Norway is a century behind time. Wool is spun, woven, dyed, and made into clothes in the cottages. The spinning-wheel, which we associate more with fairy tales or with pantomime representations of the Sleeping Beauty, is a common household institution in Norway. The bright-faced daughter of the landlord at Odde took me one day, at my request, to a cottage to see spinning and weaving.

A stout, fair-haired girl was at the wheel, and quickly spun an even thread as I stood by.

Then the girls insisted that the American lady should try, and accordingly, amid their ringing laughter, I produced a horrible tangle, which I would fain have dignified by the name of thread.

But to return to the bridal party, whose boat is now touching the land. The two brides and their lady friends are handed out by the boatman, and then, with some show of fuss and importance, there are lifted out of the boat sundry odd-looking boxes, whose purpose and contents I was at a loss to divine.

Then the whole party stand still solemnly, each bridegroom having his bride on his arm, and the fiddler faces them and strikes up a tune.

He beats his foot on the ground and scrapes away at his curious instrument, a kind known as the "Hardanger violin," and reels out lively Norwegian tunes. They were strange airs to me, but I imagine they were "hallings" or perhaps marches. I do not know why this pause was made; perhaps to give time to the clergyman, who was expected every moment by the steamer, the steamer which unfortunately was to carry me and my friends away. However, the pause gave me an opportunity of noticing the brides and their dresses.

They both wore the huge ungainly crown, which is to the Norwegian bride what the wreath of orange blossoms is to her American sister.

The dark blue skirt was for this occasion replaced by one of bright scarlet, embroidered with a bold pattern in wool near the hem.

The full white shirt remained as usual, but the bodice was a mass of beadwork, while the belt was made of massive links of silver.

Large silver ornaments dangled from the side of the crown, but whether affixed to the crown or to the ears I could not tell; a large silver brooch was worn at the throat, and each bride had a fine muslin apron with a pretty piece of needlework let in, after the Norwegian fashion, near the hem.

The patterns of this work, which is generally crochet, are remarkably good, and the crochet washes admirably.

The brides wore their hair hanging down their backs, and one officious bridesmaid I noticed taking great pains to prevent the brides' locks from being blown about by the wind.

I looked at their faces, but in this instance there was little to admire. One was young, but the other was fairly advanced in life, and neither could be called pretty. I imagine that marriages in Norway have often to be postponed for a long time until a vacant farm or homestead falls to the turn of the young couple.

Of the bridegrooms there is little to be said. They were plain, honest looking fellows, dressed almost exactly like sailors, except for a broad soft wideawake hat. The kneebreeches fastened with silver buttons, formerly worn in the country, are fast disappearing from the peasants' costumes, and plain blue coat, jacket, and trousers are now generally worn.

The men look exactly like Englishmen of the northern counties, with their fair hair and, as we should say, English cast of features.

But now the procession begins to move. Their fiddler leads the way, still playing, and the bridal party sets out on its way to the church.

And the same time the whistle of the steamer is heard, and the vessel steams up to the short quay, which is all that is needed on the steep shores of the fiord. The clergyman, a tall, fine-looking man, steps off the boat, and we must perforce step on, and so we see no more of the wedding ceremony.

They will dance the "halling" merrily to-night we are told. Formerly they kept the revels up for three nights, but now these festivities are cut short, and one night is considered enough.

A. H. B.

WHY MEN FAIL.—Few men come up to their highest measure of success. Some fail through timidity or lack of nerve; they are unwilling to take the risks incident to life, and fail through fear in venturing on ordinary duties—they lack pluck. Others fail through imprudence, lack of discretion, care, or sound judgment; they overreckon as to the future, and build air-castles, and even are beyond their depth, and fail [illegible].

Others, again, fail through lack of application and perseverance; they begin with good resolves, but soon get tired of them, and want a change, thinking they can do much better at something else—thus they flitter away life, and succeed at nothing. Others waste time and money and fail for want of economy. Many fail through ruinous habits. Some fail for want of brains, education, and fitness for their calling; they lack a knowledge of human nature and of the motives that attract men; they have not qualified themselves for their occupation by practical education.

Scientific and Useful.

WAGON-AXLES.—Lard is not suitable as a lubricator for axles of wagons, as it is said to loosen the spokes. Wood tar is still largely used, and tallow is also an important ingredient, two parts of tallow, one of tar, and one of castor oil being considered excellent.

SILVER AND EGG.—The sulphur in the yelk of eggs, it may not be generally known, acts chemically on silver spoons, turning them black, and forming a sulphide of silver that cannot be removed without taking off the surface of silver, thus rapidly wearing away the spoon.

POLISHING POWDER.—Into a tub of water pour a scuttleful of coal ashes, and when well stirred up, pour off the turbid water and let it settle. The finer the sediment the finer the powder. When the sediment has settled pour off the water, dry the powder, and box for use. This is good for wood, tin, steel knives and forks, but too rough for silver: whiting is suitable for that.

FIREMAN'S HELMET.—A new helmet for firemen has been invented in Bremen. It consists principally of a copper mask, which is very light. The wearer's nose, mouth, and eyes receive through an indiarubber tube a constant stream of pure air, which leaves the helmet by an opening opposite the eyes and prevents the entrance of smoke. The helmet has been practically tested and is to be used by the Berlin firemen, it is said.

ARMY BALLOONS.—Balloons destined for the Italian army in Africa, were tried recently in the presence of several French and English officers and aeronauts. One is to be used at night, and carries a lamp equal to seventy candles in power. Each balloon, with its appurtenances, is coiled up in a box and placed in a four-wheeled vehicle, at the back of which is a pulley which lets out the cable and acts as an anchor. The cables are interlaced with wires, which enable telephonic and telegraphic communication to be kept up with the aeronauts. As water is scarce in the Soudan, where the balloons will be used, a generating machine for the manufacture of hydrogen gas will be established at Naples, and the gas will be packed in steel tubes, and carried away for campaign purposes. Forty tubes will suffice for the inflation of the balloons. The recent experiment was successful, the balloons being worked by six men.

Farm and Garden.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.—Soak four pounds of lime in two gallons of water in an earthenware jar; stir occasionally for two days; put in the eggs to within three inches of the surface.

SALT.—Salt should be placed where all kinds of stock can get it. At this season, when green food is becoming plentiful, salt will be found excellent, as it will often prevent bowel diseases and stave off injury from the young grass.

ROACHES.—Houses may be effectually cleared of cock-roaches by a mixture of equal parts of red lead, Indian meal and molasses, made into a thick batter and placed in a plate on the floor over night. The dose must be repeated several times.

CORNSTALKS.—A Western farmer states that he easily prepares his cornstalks for cows by running them through a thrashing machine, by which they are torn into shreds, the straw carrier depositing them in the mow, where they are to be stored for winter feed.

LICE.—A good way to get rid of lice in the hen-house is to thoroughly saturate every portion with strong boiling soapsuds, first adding a pint of kerosene to every bucket of the suds. It should be forced into every crack and crevice, and also on the under side of the roof, as well as on the walls.

SHEEP.—Dry sleeping places are indispensable to sheep. If compelled to remain on damp locations the wool will dry very slowly, and the animals will often contract lung troubles. Sheep are liable to more diseases than any other class of farm stock, and for that reason should be more carefully protected.

CARE.—There is always more or less dust, dandruff, or filth on the udder of a cow, and no cow should be milked until the udder and teats have been carefully washed with warm water and wiped with a clean towel. A very simple remedy for sore teats is said to be to wash with castile soap and warm water, and apply equal parts of lime water and linseed oil.

POULTRY.—Save the feathers from all the fowls. Scald them thoroughly and dry them as quickly as possible, keeping them well aired until disposed of. Carefully save the sheep and poultry droppings and add them to the manure heap, as they are more valuable than any other manure of the farm. Poultry must be given a place in which to scratch and wallow, as it is natural for them.

TREES.—We should preserve with great care every tree, large and small, beside our country roads, which are found growing in the right place for shade trees to stand, let these trees be birch, beech, maple, spruce, ash, elm, pine, hemlock, or any other kind. Any tree is better than the naked fence and road. Thousands of good trees by the sides of our country roads are sacrificed to the ax every year, which, if saved and neatly trimmed and cared for, would make beautiful trees in a few years and cast a refreshing shadow.

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Taking Hold Aright.

The great majority of people, and especially those of the gentler sex, are filled with vast hopes and aspirations, but for all useful purposes out of the ordinary ruts of life they are practically very feeble. They are anxious to make their influence tell in some direction or other upon their time and surroundings, and they would fain embody in some distinct form of good their own best feelings and convictions.

To such hopes and aspirations they would appear to be born, and they are often intensified by the passing day; but the possessors are saddened by the thought of how much there is to do, and how weak the individual is in front of the sum of it all.

But each one has power, though that power may be small. That power may be put in force and utilized if the will is not paralyzed before the seeming difficulty of getting a fulcrum for the lever of influence, and the apparent impossibility of taking hold of that lever aright. With courage comes an opening way and a growing force.

No one can completely live to self; no, not even as an anchorite or a dweller in caves and dens of the earth; still less can those who live in a world of life and civilized progress, for each has a stake in the community, and each is helped or harmed by those who live around. The smallest influence is not lost, and the important matter is the kind of influence that shall be exerted.

But how and in what direction to influence? That is the question. The conviction has come into the mind that there is a work to be done here and now, but the feeling of powerlessness is as strong, if not stronger, than the sense of responsibility. How can I, who am so weak, do anything worth while?

Such persons pay the tax of fear, and determination, ambition and benevolence alike are repressed. The whole social order appears one vast scene of selfish conflict, but they think that they can do nothing, and so they sit down with helpless hands.

In the push and pull of conflicting interest they see no room for that helpful endeavor which in brighter hours seemed so possible and so easy. In the midst of traitorous doubts they cannot even see the handle of the lever by which the wrong is to be hurled into the limbo of delusions.

In the meantime it is the part of wisdom to see what others have been able to do. Then it is found that apparently feeble folks have been able to do not a little in the way of lifting some small section of our life out of the miry pools of base and degrading conditions. From weakness has arisen strength, and out of individual endeavor has come forth the progress of living movement. Despite all hindrances, the goal of yesterday has become the starting point of to-day. They took hold aright because they took hold of what was near hand to them.

When the mists clear away the field of work is found to be close by. The humblest and the simplest surroundings have infinite relations and immeasurable influence upon things far and wide.

Now, herein lies the whole secret of taking hold aright, for it begins with the infinitely little as a foundation for the infinitely great. Such little things are not trifles.

It may be quite true that "those who bestow too much application on trifling things become generally incapable of great ones;" and it may be also quite true that "Those who place their affections at first on trifles for amusement, will find those trifles become at last their most serious concerns;" but small things in this direction are as seeds for future growth.

If the faculty of power is not large, the lever of influence should be grasped with a will, and with both hands, so to say; but it ought to be done steadily, and without anxiety.

The tone of mind is of vital importance. Someone has said that it is not work that kills, but the pace at which the work is carried on; and there can be no doubt that worry is as great a hindrance as fearfulness.

Steady application is healthy in almost every realm of labor, but worry is like rust upon the mower's scythe, while it is a patent fact that it is not the revolving that destroys the machinery, but the continued friction of the parts.

Fear, we are told, secretes acids; and, surely, anxiety must do the same, for they are near akin to one another; whereas the labor that we love brings forth the sweet juices of life.

Then even the defects, the infirmities, the limitations of existence, provide the means of taking hold aright. Individual ignorance has built many schools; individual pain has raised many hospitals, and individual want has forwarded many a progressive movement. Thus ignorance blossoms into knowledge, pain is the cause of pleasure, and want is the source of plenty. Much depends on taking hold aright.

Let us consider that youth is of no long duration, and that in mature age, when the misdemeanors of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no more comforts but the esteem of wise men and the means of doing good. Let us therefore stop, while to stop is in our power; let us live as men who are sometimes to grow old, and to whom it will be the most dreadful of all evils to count their past years by follies, and to be reminded of their former luxuriance of health only by the maladies which riot has produced.

There is none so innocent as not to be evil spoken of; none so wicked as to want all commendation. There are too many who condemn the just, and not a few who justify the wicked. I often hear both envy and flattery speaking falsehoods, of myself to myself; and may not the like tongues perform the like tasks of others to others? I will know others by what they do themselves; but not learn myself by what I hear of others. I will be careful of mine own actions, not credulous of others' relations.

Infidelity and Faith look through the same perspective-glass, but at contrary ends. Infidelity looks through the wrong end of the glass, and therefore sees those objects near which are afar off, and makes great things little—diminishing the greatest spiritual blessings and removing far from us threatened evils. Faith looks at the right end, and brings the blessings that are far off in time close to our eye, and multiplies God's mercies, which, in the distance, lost their greatness.

Though thou seest another openly offend, or even commit some enormous sin, yet thou must not from thence take occasion to value thyself for thy superior goodness; for thou canst not tell how long thou wilt be able to persevere in the narrow path of virtue. All men are frail, but thou shouldst reckon none so frail as thyself.

Enthusiasm is always connected with the senses, whatever be the object that excites it. The true strength of virtue is serenity of mind, combined with a deliberate and steadfast determination to execute her laws. That is the healthful condition of the moral life. On the other hand, enthusiasm, even when excited by representations of goodness, is a brilliant but feverish glow, which leaves only exhaustion and languor behind.

Friendship is a vase, which, when it is flawed by heat or violence or accident, may as well be broken at once; it never can be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones never.

Both as to high and low indifferently, men are prepossessed, charmed, fascinated by success. Successful crimes are praised very much like virtue itself, and good fortune is not far from occupying the place of the whole cycle of virtues. It must be an atrocious act, a base and hateful deed, which success would not be able to justify.

It is the best use of fate to teach a fatal courage. Go face the fire at sea, or the cholera in your friend's house, or the burglar in your own, or what danger lies in the way of duty, knowing you are guarded by the cherubim of destiny. If you believe in fate to your harm, believe in it, at least, for your good.

If we were faultless, we should not be so much annoyed by the defects of those with whom we associate. If we were to acknowledge honestly that we have not virtue enough to bear patiently with our neighbor's weaknesses, we should show our own imperfection, and this alarms our vanity.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults as the having overcome them that is an advantage to us; it being with the follies of the mind as with weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place where they grow, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.

Ingratitude is a nail which, driven into the tree of courtesy, causes it to wither; it is a broken channel, by which the foundations of the affections are undermined; and a lump of soot, which, falling into the dish of friendship, destroys its scent and flavor.

Fear guides more to their duty than gratitude; for one man who is virtuous from the love of virtue, from the obligation which he thinks he lies under to the Giver of all, there are ten thousand who are good only from their apprehension of punishment.

If our credit be so well built, so firm, that it is not easy to be shaken by calumny or insinuation, envy then commends us, and extols us beyond reason to those upon whom we depend, till they grow jealous, and so blow us up when they cannot throw us down.

If envy, like anger, did not burn itself in its own fire, and consume and destroy those persons it possesses, before it can destroy those it wishes worst to, it would set the whole world on fire, and leave the most excellent persons the most miserable.

An injury unanswered in time grows weary of itself, and dies away in an involuntary remorse. In bad dispositions, capable of no restraint but fear, it has a different effect—the silent digestion of one wrong provokes a second.

It is remarkable how virtuous and generously disposed every one is at a play. We uniformly applaud what is right and condemn what is wrong, when it costs us nothing but the sentiment.

When in reading we meet with any maxim that may be of use, we should take it for our own, and make an immediate application of it.

Pay not before thy work be done; if thou dost, it will never be well done; and then wilt have but a penny worth for a twopence.

The World's Happenings.

A trice is the sixteenth part of a second in time.

Out in Wyoming they call whisky conversation water.

A new marble saw cuts two and a half inches a minute.

A full toned violin made of clay is exhibited in Berlin.

A Wichita, Kan., baker displays the sign, "Eight Loves for $1.".

Los Angeles, Cal., has produced a lemon weighing over 3 pounds.

In Vermont it is a misdemeanor to smoke a cigar on the streets on Sunday.

In a London lawsuit the costs on one side have already amounted to $500,000.

It has been estimated that a pair of wrens destroy at least 600 insects a day.

A Georgia minister made a sensation by preaching his own funeral sermon recently.

A Michigan editor advertises that he will take fish or frogs on subscription this spring.

An altogether unprincipled thief in Macon, Ga., stole crape from the door of a house.

William Sherwood, of Baltimore, Md., will spend one year in prison for stealing a Bible.

Since the advent of prohibition locksmiths have been doing a great business in Kansas.

Nicknames don't mean much, after all. "Happy" Bob was hanged for murder in Warsaw, N. Y.

An experimenter made a lens of ice with which he was able to light pipes by means of the sun's rays.

There is an Indian tribe in California consisting of one man. When he dies his language will cease to be spoken.

Boston has a new sign worthy to take its place with "Boots Blacked Inside." The new sign reads: "Lawn Mowers Mended in the Rear.

A thief stole a bedstead from an auction-room in Sacramento, and in a few days brought it back and requested that it be sold for his benefit.

Mark Antony is in the grocery business in Atlanta, Ga.; Julius Cæsar does whitewashing in Richmond, and Cicero is a hotel runner in Memphis.

Of the 650 reserved cases called by Justice Truax in the New York Superior Court, special term, recently, seven had been on the calendar over 25 years.

San Francisco has the reputation of being "a man's city," and of having fewer homes and fewer children in it, in proportion to population, than any city in America.

It has been proved through a series of experiments that a large ocean steamer going 19 miles an hour will move over two miles after its engines are stopped and reversed.

Still another victim of tobacco. He is a Chicagoan, aged 31, and has smoked an average of one pound per week for many years. His reasoning powers are completely shattered.

An "automatic fishing device" comprises a rod, line and reel, the latter having a coil-spring attachment, whereby the jerking of the fish when taking the hook will release the spring and reel up the line.

A New Yorker who has been staying at a Saratoga hotel was asked to step into a strange lady's room and turn on the steam. She locked the door, demanded $100 or threatened to scream, and he handed over the cash and walked humbly out.

A California tramp has a novel method of getting money. He fixes up his arm with castile soap and caustic to represent a scald, and begs for aid on the ground that he just met with an accident. He is said to have worked his game successfully for four years.

An audacious thief at Providence, R. I., attempted to steal the roof of a big 4-story structure, and had a goodly part of it carried off when detected. As the roof was for the greater part composed of lead, the haul promised to be a remunerative one for him.

A two-inch worm has been removed from the eye of a horse in Baltimore. It is thought that the egg of the parasite had been swallowed with water, and after passing around and through the body, had found a lodging place in the eye, where it was hatched.

The Chinese are ahead of the world in the preparation of roast pork for the table. After it has come out of the oven it is hung in the smoke of various aromatic herbs, which gives it a delicious flavor and robs it of the porky taste which is so offensive to some palates.

The United States Government has advertised for 3000 American white marble headstones. Congress has made an appropriation of $30,000 to pay for them. The headstones will be used for the unmarked graves of Union soldiers, sailors and marines in various parts of the country.

It has been the custom for small vessels, known as "coopers," loaded with all sorts of grog, to cruise about among the North Sea fishing fleet selling liquor to the sailors. Five European powers have now entered into an agreement for the suppression of this business, and have declared rum-selling illegal upon the high seas.

The first Presidential emblem to bloom this spring is the "Cleveland Button." It is about the size of a penny. The background is black, upon which is a gold-colored horseshoe inclosing the initials "G. C." The legend "Public office is a public trust" encircles the inner design, and at the bottom of the piece appear the numbers "'84-'88."

The historic Common is no longer a ball ground for Boston youth, in accordance with an order from the authorities. However, the boys are not to be in the lurch for a diamond. An enterprising business firm has provided a field capable of accommodating several nines, with bases laid out, etc., which the young admirers of the national game can use, under certain conditions.

SHE.

BY WM. W. LONG.

She touched the gloom of my shadowed life
With a beautiful rosy blush;
And bathed in splendor all my heart,
With a gentle, tender flush.

I will take up the task of living again,
And strike with a stronger blow;
And life will hold for me happier things,
Crowned in Faith's pure glow.

I will make my life so grand and pure,
The world will wonder and marvel much;
But only I in my heart will know
It came through one true woman's touch.

The Stricken Idol,

BY J. MC. C.

THERE never was a more bewitching girl than Rue Trevanion. Her figure was perfection, her beautiful features were such as only a Raphael could have done justice to.

Her black eyes, over which drooped the long dark lashes, had in them a power of fascination only equalled by her kindly disposition, which won the goodwill of all whose goodwill was worth having.

Yet she knew sorrow. Her fault in the eyes of the world was that she was poor. Her father, a not very successful medical man, it was well known had sufficient to do to keep up a respectable appearance, and that Rue was practically penniless.

At the time of the opening of our tale she was just verging on womanhood. She had some time before been engaged to Lawrence Kaye, a rising barrister, who was thought by many to be exceedingly lucky in securing such a handsome and amiable lady for his wife.

After the engagement had been almost a year in existence, Lawrence Kaye had, in prosecuting a case, to go to Scotland to see one of the litigants, Mr. Henry Devon, a retired merchant, and was introduced to Alice, his heiress and only child.

Attracted by his handsome face and his splendid conversational powers, and his manifest ability as a professional man, she evinced evident pleasure in his company.

He, seeing this, and knowing that her father only desired to see his daughter happy, took the fullest advantage of it, forgetting he was betraying Rue, and sought only to win Alice's good opinion. Suffice it to say that in a short time he was her affianced husband, and Rue, who loved him as dearly as her own soul, was deserted.

Rue Trevanion did not die of a broken heart. Only in her chamber, when no eye was upon her, did she give way to her grief.

Her pride enabled her to rise above the bitter, spiteful tittle-tattle of the world, and no one, to look at her, would have guessed the utter desolation of her heart.

On the day our story opens she was seated in the salon of one of the largest music dealers in London, by voice and instrument delighting a group of admiring friends with a flood of exquisite music.

Suddenly the beautiful face grew pale as the voice of Lawrence Kaye sounded in her ear.

He had come to select a piano for his bride, and, being attracted by the music, he sauntered up to where his first love was sitting.

On seeing her, he would have turned away, but the owner of the establishment, who accompanied him, recommended to his notice the particular instrument at which Rue was seated.

Though she was surprised, and for a moment her color came and went, yet she arose with calm hauteur, and bravely determined she would show no sign of agitation.

The onlookers saw no gleam of passion in her beautiful eyes, the lightning-like flash of love and anguish that passed through her breast, and the voice which answered the gentleman's courteous greeting trembled not, although struggling through its coldness with a tone of sadness that contrasted strangely with the light words on her lips.

She smiled brightly, chatted gaily, and more than once she laughed joyously; but there was an occasional dimness stealing over her eyes that neither shunned nor drooped beneath his glance, a hollow tone in the silvery laugh, perceptible even to Lawrence Kaye, for often in days gone by he himself had awakened it in all its joyousness and truth.

Lawrence felt a thrill of pleasure in his heart when Rue was near him, and the affection for him which gleamed through the glance of pride and scorn which she cast upon him, as she raised herself haughtily by his side, was pleasing to his vanity.

As we have said, there were few who played or sang with such skill as Rue; and when the music-seller asked her to try her powers upon this instrument for Mr. Kaye's especial delectation, then for the first time his cheek flushed, and he turned aside in evident embarrassment.

A brilliant prelude, and the voice whose rich tones blended with those of the splendid instrument recalled him.

The song which she selected "You'll Remember Me," seemed to suit their relative positions as well as if it had been specially written for the occasion, and his conscience smote him as the words fell upon his ear.

Under different circumstances he would have applauded her; but every word was as a dagger in his heart.

Yet he was fascinated, for he stood powerless to turn aside his glance from the great eloquent eyes that looked up into his own, gathering inspiration, as it were, in the triumph of crushing out the cold indifference of his once impassioned heart, winning him back but to scorn the homage she had compelled from him.

"Will it do for Mrs. Lawrence Kaye?" she inquired, ere the echoes of the music had ceased to reverberate through the salon, in a voice so very calm, and with a glance so tranquil, that his brow clouded with mortification, for in the utter selfishness of his heart he could not bear to look upon her thus unmoved.

And now he, who had deceived, was scorned in return, for no one saw the slight quiver of emotion that passed over her face as she uttered the words above recorded.

Ah, beautiful but unhappy Rue Trevanion, how much you needed sympathy!

Making an excuse, he withdrew, but before leaving, the instrument changed hands.

A few weeks later Lawrence Kaye took home his bride.

The day after their return from their wedding tour he showed his wife his purchase.

She was a little, graceful figure. Her great dark eyes, full of lustre, shone with the love she bore the man, who had rejected another to marry her for her gold. Her face was verywhite, and but for a faint rose tint on each of her cheeks, she would have been considered pale.

"Oh, what a pretty place! But it is too dark and cold to sing to you here, Lawrence," she said, when he seated her at the piano, looking with a soft, childlike expression, and a bright smile, up into his dark, handsome face.

He patted her with a caressing gesture, calling her by some endearing name; then he wound his arm round her, and seated himself by her side, while he said something about its being time to forget her girlish manners, and try to be a little more formal and stately in her home as a married woman.

"Can you not love me here, Lawrence, as you loved me before?" she asked, in a hurried troubled voice.

"Yes, darling, yes!" he answered, tenderly, won from his coldness by her loving glance.

Satisfied, she turned to the piano, and while the room was filled with the music of her sweet voice, Lawrence Kaye sat with his head resting on his hands, apparently drinking in the delicious harmony, but, in reality, recalling the time when he stood by the side of another.

In the afternoon the bride was at home for the first time, and ere the day had far advanced the room was filled with company.

There were many earnest questioning glances bent upon her; for she was a stranger to almost all present, and she was growing nervous and embarrassed under the observation she was attracting, when Doctor Trevanion and his daughter were announced.

There was a brief hush of the murmuring voices as Rue Trevanion, leaning on her father's arm, passed on and was presented to Mrs. Lawrence Kaye.

Rue had just recovered from a long and severe illness; but there was no sadness in the dark eyes, which had grown brighter and looked even larger than of old, and the voice that welcomed the shy young thing clinging to Lawrence's arm was sweet and almost kind in its accents. Neither did her toilet evince any carelessness to show that life was either dark or weary; it was as studiously graceful and becoming, her smile as bright, and her words as gay as ever; and from that hour the world ceased to suspect her, and to whisper maliciously of her disappointment when they marked her conduct in the presence of the bride.

In a short time, Rue took her leave, saying she had not quite got over her late illness.

When she passed out, she was paler than when she entered, and her lips were slightly compressed, looking as though she felt a faintness creeping over her, and yet was resolved not to yield while the last spark of strength remained.

"I am quite in love, Lawrence, with this beautiful Miss Trevanion," said the young wife, after the last of her guests had departed; "only I don't think she has heart enough. She is a belle; is she not?"

He drew her hastily away, saying, "Come, Alice; let us go into the conservatory: the air is over-heated, and I am tired of all this chattering."

He spoke with a slight tone of petulance; but she only answered, "Yes, Lawrence."

She did not understand him; fancying that only in his love for her was he weary; longing once more to have her all to himself.

Ere many weeks passed away, Lawrence Kaye's manner to his wife began to change. If they were out together of an evening, she had to return alone, and then she would linger long and restlessly in the drawing-room, waiting for his coming.

At first, when he found her there, she would greet him so tenderly and lovingly, that the expression of annoyance faded from his face; but, when it was repeated night after night, he grew impatient.

One cold, wintry night, she returned alone.

"Has Mr. Kaye come home?" she questioned, as a servant opened the door.

"No, ma'am."

She entered the drawing-room, and going close up to the marble hearth, stood before the fire, and held out her hands shudderingly, for she was chilled even through the heavy opera cloak with its furred lining.

For awhile she stood there huddling her white arms in its folds, looking very weary, as though she had scarcely strength to stand; the long, trailing robe of costly satin wavering as its snowy folds swept the marble of the hearth.

As the hours wore on, she went over to the window, and, gathering back the folds of the curtains, looked out on the nearly deserted street.

Just then the servant came in to extinguish the lights.

She bade him leave one on the mantelpiece, and when he departed, she wheeled a large arm-chair close to the hearth, and sat down looking into the fire.

In spite of her efforts to keep awake, her eyelids drooped; and to rouse herself, she began to sing a beautiful plaintive melody she had caught from an old nurse, who had made her her idol, and as she sang, tears stole out and lay upon her cheek.

Her heart filled with the memory of home, but as the song died away, again the lashes drooped lower and lower, and she slept.

At first her slumbers were restless; but, after a while, the sleep of Alice was full of sunshine, as was evident from the beautiful smile on her lips, casting its radiance over the whole countenance.

The warm firelight shone on her as the cloak fell partly backward, displaying the delicate bust and rich dress. Her head rested on the cushions of the chair, while the long, waving curls of brown hair swept back from the cheeks, where her dreams of home had awakened the glow of joy, though the drooping lashes were yet glistening with tears.

The murmuring of voices and the roll of carriages in the streets had ceased. All was silent; only the sleeper's deep breathing was heard.

Still he came not. The fire had burnt low, the light on the mantelpiece was almost extinguished, when the hall-door opened, and a heavy step passed across the floor.

It was Lawrence Kaye; and his cheek was flushed with wine.

Stopping at the door of the drawing-room, he caught sight of the heap of white drapery in the chair before the fire, and he came forward.

He did not pause when he saw the sweet, young face before him, but laid his hand roughly upon her shoulder, and bade her awake.

"Why are you here, Alice?" he said, angrily.

"You here? Is it you, dear Lawrence?" she answered, not noticing his words in her bewilderment. "How you frightened me!" she continued. "See how I tremble!"

She tried, with a faint smile, to put her arm round him; but he drew back from its clasp with a hoarse murmur on his lips, which sounded like a smothered oath.

She comprehended only too plainly his rejection of the loving caress with which she greeted him, and stepping back, she looked upon him with a half-frightened glance.

And thus they stood for a few seconds eyeing each other, he dark and stern, she sad and wondering; and then, taking up her cloak which had fallen from her, she folded it about her neck with a slight shudder, and left the room.

The next morning, at a late hour, Lawrence entered the drawing-room in his dressing-gown.

He was alone, and, taking up the morning paper, he sat down before the fire and began to read.

There was a slight pallor on his cheek, and his eyes were heavy with the dissipation of the night before.

He pressed his hand to his forehead as though it pained him.

Just then the door opened, and his wife entered; she had a large shawl folded about her, and she was very pale. He did not notice her; but, as she stood watching him, he pressed his hand to his brow again, and she went up to him and wound her arm about his neck before even he was aware of her presence.

"Are you ill, Alice?" he said, looking up to her with something of his old gladness of manner.

She tried to answer him cheerfully; but her voice was hoarse and indistinct, and, in spite of her efforts, died away into a painful whisper.

She had taken cold during that long nightwatch in the cold room, and he knew it was that which made her ill.

A pang of remorse for his unkindness came over him. He whispered a loving word in her ear, drew her to his knee, and laid her head upon his breast, and caressed her as one would a sick child.

What wonder, then, that all her confidence in him came back when he soothed her so tenderly, and watched over her in the days of sickness that followed?

Her illness was long and painful, and many days passed ere she began to show any signs of recovery; but, after the improvement set in, she soon recovered her strength sufficiently to move about.

Some time after her recovery her husband suggested that they should give a party, and she, to whom his will was law, consented.

On the evening of the party she went down to look at the rooms.

There was a feverish glow upon her cheek, which showed any observant onlooker that the fire of disease had not been extinguished.

She looked very lovely in her dress of snowy satin, draped with lace, and a white half-blown rose nestling in her hair.

The rooms were brilliantly lighted, and both greenhouse and conservatory had yielded up their treasures to wreathe the lamps and fill the vases.

Like the spirit of joy she floated around, arranging and rearranging the flowers, while her husband stood watching her graceful movements, his attention having won back the smile in its old brightness to her lips.

"Don't weary yourself, Alice," he said, "for I expect you to do me honor tonight."

He spoke lightly, but his words woke a musical chord in her heart, and in her love for him she forgot her usual shyness and reserve.

With gracious courtesy she welcomed her guests; but as the room filled she missed Lawrence from her side, and she grew flushed and weary; and then, just as the young wife's beauty waned, Rue Trevanion swept up the drawing-room with queenly dignity, and stood in vivid contrast to the weary-looking mistress of the house.

There was a strange gleam in the dark eyes of Lawrence Kaye as his glance rested on the object of his first love.

But if she marked it she heeded it not, and no lingering glance or saddened smile spoke to him of the past. As the evening wore on the group around her increased, and with the crowd's adulation the crimson depended on her cheek, and flashing glance and brilliant repartee were lavished on all around.

After a while, a gentleman led her to the piano, and she sang an air from an opera. Then someone asked her to sing "Auld Robin Gray."

She glanced up to Lawrence Kaye. He bent his head, and whispered, "Not that—do not sing it."

His cheek was pale, his voice tremulous, and it was evident that her own heart was throbbing, in spite of all her hauteur of

manner; but she took up the music which he had laid aside, and sang it through with a voice that never wavered, but she looked no more towards him.

When the guests had all departed, he sent Alice up to her room, and then he sat down and buried his face in his hands. For a long while he sat there, murmuring the name of Rue Trevanion at intervals: then he started up as if afraid of his own thoughts, and went out into the hall.

Entering the dining-room, he took a decanter and a tumbler from a sideboard, and sought oblivion in the wine-cup.

The winter and the spring passed away, and Alice was rarely happy as she had been during the first few weeks after her marriage.

In the end of the spring the physician ordered change of air and scene, for she was evidently fading away, and Lawrence took her first to the sea-side, and then to the Continent. But the ailment was not of the body, it was of the heart, and was stealing the light out of her eyes, the color from her cheek; and balm for the sickness of her heart there was none.

In the early autumn they returned home. Lawrence was rarely petulant or unkind to her, but he left her much alone, and she had no female friend near to cheer her loneliness.

But she could have borne all, had not his tongue forgotten his words of tenderness, his lips their loving smile. By day he was silent and morose, and his nights were spent in reckless dissipation.

Wealth he had now, but too late he found he had sacrificed his happiness to obtain it; and the same selfishness that made the sacrifice to gold made him turn from his loving, innocent young wife.

One morning in the end of the autumn, when the rain fell and the wind murmured cheerless without, Lawrence lay sleeping on a couch, and Alice sat near him, with a book in her hand; but she had not turned a leaf for a long time, for she was looking at the traces dissipation had graven on the handsome face before her.

He was restless, and sighed heavily. She would have awakened him, but she dared not; she only ventured to press her lips to the hand that lay on her knee. Suddenly it clasped her own tightly, so tightly it almost crushed the slender white fingers in its grasp; but it was not mere bodily pain that made her cry out—it was the murmured name on the sleeper's lips.

"Do not look so coldly, Rue; I never loved Alice!" came in broken accents from his lips.

She put her hands up feebly, as if to shut out the horrible words, but they had entered the listener's ears, and passed down to her heart.

A strange pallor settled upon her cheek, her head drooped lower and lower, until it lay upon his bosom, and with its weight he awoke.

When Lawrence Kaye awoke, he found his wife lying across his breast in a dead faint.

At first he looked startled out of his wonted calmness, but when he saw she had only fainted, he lifted her in his arms and carried her up-stairs.

In a short time she recovered consciousness, but she was dangerously ill, and ere the evening shadows closed around them, the eyes of Lawrence Kaye's first-born had opened on its first sun; its mother's had been closed for ever.

Now all the little acts of cruelty which he had perpetrated came back with redoubled force, and remorse seized his soul. He stood by the side of his wife's coffin, horror in his soul, and the brand of Cain on his brow.

The beautiful face of Rue Trevanion, which had haunted him so long, faded from his mind as he glanced down at the rigid features before him.

The memory of her as she lay there, with her little shadowy hands folded, and the fragrant flowers upon her bosom, clung to him by day and by night; it could not pass away, neither the icy chill that struck his heart, when, with a pang of bitter remorse, he pressed his lips to Alice's now cold and lifeless brow.

Days, weeks of sadness followed the death of Alice Kaye, and there was the stir of departure, leave-takings, and gentle chargings to old Mrs. Kaye, who had agreed to take charge of the little motherless girl, and Lawrence Kaye departed for the Continent.

Nearly a year afterwards, Lawrence came back, and the day after his arrival he was visited by old Doctor Trevanion. This visit he returned, and thus the paths in life of Lawrence Kaye and Rue Trevanion again crossed each other.

At sight of her, his old love revived in all its intensity, and he became a frequent visitor at the doctor's residence; and rumor soon gave it out that Rue Trevanion was to become the second wife of Lawrence Kaye.

A great stir in his house soon gave confirmation to the rumor.

Upholsterers came to look at the rooms, and old articles of furniture were removed to give place to new ones. In a few weeks the marriage took place.

Rue Trevanion, contrary to the expectations of many, fully forgave Lawrence his former neglect of her; for, as Mrs. Kaye, she evinced so much devotion to her husband, that it was plain her love had outlived change and neglect; and, more than all else, her regard for the motherless girl was such as to seem that she wished to atone to the dead for the place she had usurped.

For all this no one had anything but praise; the envious and malicious were disarmed.

Years passed, a boy was born to them, and they called him Harry, after Rue's father. This child was Lawrence's idol, to the exclusion of his eldest.

But Rue, loving her boy with all the warmth of a mother's heart, forgot not the one who had grown up to girlhood, fair as a poet's dream, gentle as her own lost mother, lavishing the wealth of her young heart's affections on Harry and his mother, yearning, but never venturing, to offer the like affection upon Lawrence himself, for his eldest born he shunned.

Perhaps it was the memory of the broken-hearted one whom her presence conjured up which hushed the words of tenderness that a father's love should have prompted, or was it a feeling of bitterness that she was heiress in her mother's right to all he possessed of his first wife's great wealth, to the exclusion of Harry?

But, however it might have been, neither Rue's affection for the child nor her own loving heart could win for her those tokens of affection she was learning to long for more and more each day of her life.

But the heart closed so coldly against her was to be opened by grief such as had never before shaken the cold, proud spirit of Lawrence Kaye, when the neglected one would rise up in her goodness and devotion to comfort the heart that had cast her off, and that she who had been a mother to the desolate girl had not for naught watched over and cherished her.

The last year of Harry Kaye's college career was past, and he had taken his degree with the highest distinction; but the father's pride was clouded by tidings of the youth's wildness and dissipation; and Harry Kaye came home with sunken cheek and worn look.

Lawrence's heart yearned toward him as it had done even in the days of his innocence; but he dreaded the rash, impulsive disposition of the boy; he feared that words of tenderness might lull him into easy forgetfulness when again tempted.

So he veiled his affection under a cold, stern demeanor which should awe him into obedience, and the boy shrank from the presence in which he had once delighted.

There came over him an embarrassment when his father was present which Lawrence mistook for conscious guilt, and bitterness mingled with his love.

He grew colder and sterner each day, and even his wife could not win him from his reserve.

Chilled by the coldness of home, Harry again plunged into dissipation more dangerous from its secrecy, and again it was discovered by his father.

There was a bitter scene between them; the boy defied his authority and left his home in anger, and Lawrence forbade his name to be mentioned in his hearing.

It was nearly a fortnight after his departure—when one evening the grief-stricken mother was ill in her own chamber—that Alice sat in her little boudoir.

She had grown into a tall, slight girl, very like her mother, only there was more of resolution in the full dark eyes, and a latent power seemed to be lurking round the mouth, as though an opportunity was only needed to call forth a gentle firmness which neither fierce passion nor iron will could shake.

But that night she was weeping, for the thought of the banished one lay heavy on her heart.

As she sat, the door opened, and Harry himself came in.

He looked cautiously about him, and closing the door, secured it noiselessly, and stood gazing upon the weeping girl before him.

His eyes were wild and sunken, his cheeks very pale but for the feverish glow burning deep thereon.

He lifted the cap which was drawn down over his brow, and whispered, "Alice!"

The girl sprang up.

"Has he gone yet?"

"Yes, Harry," she answered, in a low voice, comprehending at once his fear of detection.

Then he sank into a chair, faint and weak under the load of misery which oppressed him.

"Are you hungry, Harry?" she inquired.

"Starving!" he answered, and his face grew dark with his spirit's bitterness; "but I will die here before I touch a morsel of his!"

"Hush!" she whispered, earnestly, laying her hand upon his lips to silence him; "oh, hush! Harry my brother!"

"Don't call me brother, Alice," he answered, hoarsely. "You will want to forget it when you know all."

But she did call him brother, and every other endearing name she could think of; and he laid his head upon her knee, and wept hot, scalding tears of anguish.

Alice pleaded with him to cast out the angry spirit that possessed him, and ask that forgiveness which she knew would be given him, assuring him that there was love for him still in his father's heart.

"Never, Alice, never!" he said, starting up at last. "I have but little time to be with you, only time to bid you good-bye before I leave. I could not go hence for ever, Alice, without seeing you again. I must go, Alice, but oh, never," he said, pointing to the door of his mother's dressing-room, "never let her forget me, whatever she may do!"

"Oh, Harry! you will break her heart! By all her love for you, her only son, I pray you, I beseech you not to leave us!" And she wound her arms round him to detain him.

Then he bent down and whispered something in her ear that made her start and turn pale, and, staggering from his side, she stood looking at him, wondering why he, her brother could be so sinful, while he stood, his lashes drooping low over his burning eyes, bowed down with shame. Then the expression on her face changed, for something told her he was more sinned against than sinning.

"How much is it, Harry?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Five hundred! But they shall never take me living!"

And again there came the fierce, wild gleam to his eye.

An exclamation of joy startled him, and raising his eyes, he beheld his mother standing in the door of her dressing-room, her cheeks as white as the lace cap which shaded them.

"Oh, gracious, my mother!" came in despairing tones from his lips. "I thought I should be spared this!"

"My boy!—my Harry!" she said, in a sweet, low voice, putting her arms tenderly about him; "it is I who should have been spared this doubt. Have you no confidence in your mother's love? It is very deep and strong, my boy—how deep you shall learn when you hear me. Harry, I loved your father from early girlhood! I loved him before he knew sweet Alice's mother; but he forsook me for her, and when she died his love for me returned. I was grateful for even that, and, my child, since the day I was married to him, neither lip nor glance has spoken to me anything but love and kindness; and feeling all this, I am going to leave him for your sake if you cannot live together in peace in our own home; for he can do better without me than you can. I gave you life; I will not give you up to temptation. Wherever you go I go also, to cheer and keep you from sin. Gracious knows I love you alike, but I will not forsake you in your peril!"

The mother's voice never wavered, but there was a divine light in her eye that illumined her whole countenance; and never, in her most brilliant hour, did Rue look so lovely as when she stood before them.

But the expression on the boy's face faded out before her voice of love. The drops of agony stood upon her brow; his breathing was thick and gasping; but when he comprehended her, a flash of pride came over him, humbled as he was.

"Do you think, mother," he asked, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "that I would permit you to do this thing, even if you might? But you cannot! Alice, Alice!" he said, turning to his sister; "won't you take her away? It was weak and foolish of me to come here; and heartless and selfish," he added, as he saw their tears.

"Harry, if you get it to-night will it do?" asked Alice.

"Do not mock me, Alice!"

"Will it do?" she repeated, steadily. "I can give it to you, Harry."

He looked at her, first inquiringly, then wistfully, while a gleam of hope shot over his wan face.

"You shall have it all—every penny of it, Harry—and then I will trust you what you will do then. My own brother," she added, with a warm, fond smile, "go with your mother now; I will come to you by-and-by, and after all, we shall be happy once more."

He could not resist her pleading, and taking his mother's arm, they passed to her room beyond, and Alice sat down to think of the task before her.

How was she, who so rarely spoke to him, to soften his heart, even when his wife had pleaded in vain—she, the unloved, neglected one?

Something within told her to persevere, and at last, when she heard his step in the hall, she opened her door and looked into it.

When he saw her standing there he paused, and she asked him to come in, as she wished to speak with him; and, with a look of surprise, he entered, and sat down on a chair directly opposite her.

"I wish to speak to you, father, about Harry."

"I forbid you, Alice," he said, rising, as if to depart.

But she laid her hand upon his arm, telling him that even that must not prevent her, for he would blame her afterwards if she did not disobey him; and then she told him what caused him to sink down upon his seat and cover his face with his hands, groaning aloud.

She clung to him, kissing his cold cheek, and whispering words of endearment in his ear.

And after awhile he grew calm, but it was the deadly calm of despair.

He drew her to his knee, and looking steadily into her face, said, "Alice, I loved him; I never loved you. Why should you plead for him?"

"Because," answered the brave girl, "notwithstanding all this, I love my father too well to plainly see him laying up bitter anguish for himself; and next, it is a terrible thing to see our loved and gifted Harry ruined, when there is a way to rescue him from shipwreck on the rocks of the dangers and temptations of life; and more than this, dear father, there is another Father, whose will is more important with me than even yours, and He strengthens me in this hour of trial, else my spirit would sink under the load of anguish lying upon it. This is the first boon I ever asked of you, and thus because he knew not what he did when he forged that bill. I know that, in his want and temptation, he knew not what he did, any more than you did, father, when you sent him forth into the world, with no one to guide him aright. And if your child now comes to ruin, are you not responsible, if you have the means of rescuing him, and avail yourself not of the power?"

She stood before him calm and dignified in her unwavering adherence to what she believed to be right.

He, meantime, sat astonished to hear one usually so timid and silent, so courageous and eloquent.

It was strange to hear the daughter of the dead Alice plead for the child of Rue. He dared not refuse her.

He gave her that for which she pleaded; and, in great haste, she rushed off to bring her brother.

In another moment, Harry, his head bowed down with shame, entered, his sister leading him by the hand.

The father, at sight of his pale face and sunken cheek, yearned to clasp him to his bosom, and he held out both his hands to receive him.

With a faint whisper of joy, the youth raised his head; but he sank slowly down upon the carpet, a crimson torrent flowing from his lips.

Then there were long hours of doubt and anguish, and there settled down upon all hearts the deep, silent grief born of death. The boy had died with a calm smile upon lips, peace filling his weary heart.

And Lawrence Kaye was a changed man. Smitten in his most cherished hopes, softened and subdued with grief, he recognized the infinite mercy and justice of Heaven, when his idol was stricken and the neglected one stood by his side, loving and soothing him, and pouring balm into the bleeding hearts of himself and his wife, Rue.

To her who had been a mother to the motherless, Alice was a solace, and the seed of kindness Rue had sown had sprung up and borne fruit twenty-fold.

While she lived, Alice was as her own, loving and beloved, a ministering angel to the poor suffering mother whose hopes were buried in the grave of her son.

Horvath.

BY U. P. S.

ON March 31, 1782, Pope Pius VI. gave his benediction to the people of Vienna from the balcony of the Hof Church. For State reasons the Emperor Joseph studiously kept away.

He had out his carriage before the ceremony, and drove forth on an airing beyond the walls of Vienna. As he was thus driving away, a little incident happened which was afterwards—two years later—to be remembered, and to lead to important results to one individual.

There lived at this time in Vienna a wealthy man, named Horvath, a Hungarian by origin, by trade a butcher.

Horvath had trodden in luck's way; he had received the custom of the palace, and as he was Court butcher, the princes and nobles thought that they also must have their meat of him, and among the citizens it was supposed that Horvath's beef and mutton surpassed in quality any beef and mutton to be had from any other butcher in Vienna or elsewhere.

Consequently, Horvath did an exceedingly good business with people who were not particular as to the price they paid for their meat.

To the great houses he, of course, only sent the prime cuts, but he sold to the poor what he could not dispose of to the wealthy, and poor men's pence soon mount up,—and they flow more readily than princes' silver.

Accordingly, Horvath not only did a very good business with the rich and noble, but he also did a very good business with the poor and unknown.

Horvath made money in other ways. Great men who could not pay their butcher's bills in coin from their own pockets, paid them out of other people's pockets,—it was the way of the times, and princes, counts, and ministers did not blush to relieve themselves of debts by putting those to whom they owed money into the way of recouping from the public what was due from themselves.

They gave them privileges. In this manner, Horvath had got hold of some very valuable monopolies. He was given the purveyorship of meat to the barracks, he supplied beasts for the troops garrisoning Linz and Pressburg.

It was whispered that he also lent money to the sons of great princes and nobles on heavy usury.

Every year found Horvath a richer man, and as he grew rich he grew proud. He was proud of his wealth, and proud of the power his wealth gave him among the citizens and in the council of Vienna.

Because he was rich, he met with much respect. He was saluted and bowed down to in the street, and his favor was solicited by those who wanted to get on in the capital, and were ready to pay a *douceur* to the man who would speak a word for them in high quarters.

Of course, when the Holy Father came to Vienna, his table and the tables of his servants were furnished with meat from Horvath; and when the Pope was about to give his blessing to the city and citizens, Horvath said, 'He has eaten my meat, so I suppose I must receive his benediction. It will be expected of me. What a stir there would be among the people and the burgesses if his Holiness pronounced his blessing and I were not there. I will go.'

So he ordered out his carriage that he might drive to the Hof Square before the church.

As Horvath was driving along towards the square his coachman suddenly drew up, to allow another carriage to pass.

"Hallo! you scoundrel!" shouted the butcher, "what do you mean by stopping

and giving the way to that shabby little trap!"

"Sir," answered the coachman, "it is the Emperor."

"Pshaw!" said the proud Hungarian. "He stop me? Who knows, some day I may make his carriage stay for mine."

His coachman had heard the boast, and repeated it to a friend, and in a day or two the proud words of Horvath the butcher were talked about, laughed at throughout Vienna.

They were repeated even to Joseph II., who also laughed,—and then they were forgotten,—yet they were not destined to fall to the ground.

* * * * * *

Two years had passed. Prosperity still attended Horvath.

He launched out into fresh ventures, he obtained additional monopolies. He did not well know how to spend his money. He resolved in time to give up butchering, purchase an estate, buy a Baron's coronet—titles were always for sale in Austria—and play the magnate.

His wealth had made him overbearing. He was a man of rough manners; and now, flushed with success, he had come to regard himself as a mighty genius, one under special favor from Providence, and one who could never touch anything that did not turn to gold in his fingers.

Suddenly, the news flew through Vienna that Horvath had murdered his wife, was arrested, and in prison awaiting his trial.

The news was true. His wife, a quiet woman without pride in her, a good humdrum woman, had not advanced in her views and mode of life along with her husband.

They could not keep pace together. This led to continual irritation and occasional outbursts, in which Horvath was the violent party, his wife giving way to lamentations and tears and remonstrances. At last, one day matters reached a crisis. Some small subject of dispute arose between them, and Horvath, unable to endure contradiction, in a moment of passion knocked down his wife with the poker, and broke in her skull.

She died within a few hours, and Horvath, full of remorse and despair, at once delivered himself up to the magistrates, and made full confession of what he had done.

The trial of Horvath created the liveliest interest in Vienna, and was talked of in the streets, at table, in the taverns, and at Court.

Of the fact of the murder there could be no doubt. The trial did not take long, as the murderer confessed his guilt.

The quarrel had taken place in private, no one had seen the blow dealt, but the nature of the fracture in the poor woman's skull exactly agreed with the weapon which had dealt the blow, according to [illegible]

He was sentenced to death—to be hanged. No effort was made to obtain a remission of the sentence; Horvath was unpopular: his wealth and his pride had united to make him an object of dislike.

The day of execution arrived. It was a dull cold morning in late autumn, a few months after the tragedy.

The execution was to take place in the High Market, and the scaffold had been erected overnight.

The market-place and the streets leading to it were thronged from midnight. Punctually, as the clocks struck 6, the gates of the prison opened, a detachment of infantry issued and lined the way down the Wipplinger Street.

Then out of the gates came a plain wooden wagon drawn by two horses, and in it sat Horvath, in prison garb, deadly white, with his hands bound, and two warders by him holding the end of the rope that fastened his hands.

In the wagon was also a minister of religion, who addressed the criminal and prayed with him.

All the pride and fulness of life had gone out of the wretched man; his black hair beside his white face looked raven-black, and his eyes seemed unusually large and lustrous.

Behind the wagon followed a cavalry escort.

In old Vienna there was a street with arcades on each side, and under these arcades cloth-dealers sold their wares. This cloth street opened at right angles on the Wipplinger Street as it enters the market-place.

As the procession came along the street into the square, a little cabriolet which had been rattling down the Tuchlauben Street was brought to a halt.

The populace blocking the opening of the street, hearing the prancing of the horse behind, turned their heads and at once removed their hats and stood aside. The driver was in white uniform.

He was the Emperor Joseph himself. As one after another of the lookers-on recognized him, they drew back, and he whipped up his horse and moved on—and all at once was close to the wagon which stayed him.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Emperor; "what is it? What is being done?"

"Sire," said his attache, "Horvath is on his way to execution."

At the same moment the condemned man looked up, and his great horror-filled, luminous eyes met those of the Emperor.

His words had been fulfilled to the letter. His carriage had made that of the Kaiser give it the pass. But he remember his vain boast at that moment?

None can tell. But the Emperor did. He said quietly to his attache:

"Who was the judge who heard this case?"

"Counsellor Stern, your Majesty."

"Here, I will see him immediately. Stay the execution."

Joseph drove at once to the magistrate's office, and in his short decisive manner asked the particulars.

"Give me a sheet of paper. The fellow must not die. He killed his wife in access of passion, but there is no premeditation, and no attempt to conceal the crime when it was committed."

Joseph took a pen and wrote a few lines on it.

"There," said he, "a pardon. Send it at once. I have stayed the execution till my pleasure was known."

Horvath was sent back to prison, where he was detained for a while, and then released. He owed his life to that vain boast, which came true at the most awful moment for himself, but also at that when alone it could avail him.

A Tiff.

BY W. B. P.

IT was their first serious one, for Mr. and Mrs. Dasson were a warmly-attached couple, on whom two years of matrimony had not palled, nor had the effect of lessening their affection.

Yet sweetest bells will jangle sometimes and the chords of human mind get out of tune. Mary, the maid, began the mischief. She could not be induced to love early rising, consequently the breakfast was late. Mr. Dasson, who had an engagement, chafed at losing a train, and Mrs. Dasson rebelled against the blame being laid on her.

They parted in anger; hot words had been said, cruel reproaches uttered; the rolls and coffee left untouched; Mr. Dasson stalking out of the house without his overcoat, and Mrs. Dasson flying up stairs to throw herself on her bed and cry stormily till her head ached and her eyes were swollen.

"What a fright I look!" she exclaimed, when, an hour later, she caught sight of her wan, tear-stained face in the glass. "My cousins talked of calling this morning, but not for worlds would I let them see me in this state. If I told Mary to say I am ill, they would insist on coming up-stairs; and if they should suspect that Alfred and I have quarrelled, they would spread the news far and wide. What shall I do? I shall go out," she finally determined. "A long walk will relieve my head, and I should feel ill for nothing if I stayed at home. I am miserable. How could Alfred be so unkind!"

This ejaculation was followed by another burst of tears, but they flowed more quietly, and before they were wiped away Lela Dasson came to the conclusion that she had not been so free from fault as she had declared herself.

Who could be more kind in general, or more forbearing than Alfred? And if he had spoken irritably she could not deny that her duty as a wife was sadly ignored when she retorted in the same strain.

But he had said—and then her bosom heaved angrily as she repeated to herself his captious speeches. If she had erred, he had been unjust; and as for Mary——

Never had that culprit seen her young mistress looking so stern as when she came down-stairs dressed for walking; never before had Mrs. Dasson so sharply lectured her.

One phrase the lady murmured in faltering accents that filled Mary with remorse.

"Your want of punctuality has caused me great unhappiness."

Her voice choked by a sob, Mrs. Dasson walked quickly away, leaving her handmaiden, to whom she was invariably calm and considerate, quite conscience-stricken.

The park to which Lela directed her steps was not an inviting promenade, for the gravel was sloppy with recent rain, and the shrubs half hidden by mist. However, she persevered in pacing the most sheltered walks till good resolutions came to her aid, and she could return home in a happier frame of mind.

Before doing so, however, she went to a Bon Marche at no great distance. She had just remembered that Alfred was in want of a new pair of slippers. She would buy him the prettiest pair she could procure, and the gift should be her peace offering when they met in the evening.

A showily-dressed woman followed her into the department she visited, standing by her side while she made her selection, and turning over the slippers as if she were assisting Mrs. Dasson in her choice; but when the shopman chanced to be off guard the horrified lady saw her appropriate a pair of the most expensive ones.

On seeing herself observed she dropped her booty, and with a familiar nod walked away, saying:

"I'll wait for you outside."

But ere she had reached the door an assistant, who had witnessed the theft, sprang forward and detained her.

After a struggle she was brought back to the counter where Mrs. Dasson, terrified and disgusted, was still standing, and to the horror and dismay of the young wife, she heard herself aroused as a confederate.

Fortunately for her the proprietor of the emporium was quickly on the spot, and by him she was recognised as a frequent customer.

Appeased by his apologies, she would have paid for her purchase and departed, but when she put her hand in her pocket her purse—Alfred's present on her birthday—was gone.

The police now made their appearance, the thief was searched and Mrs. Dasson's purse found upon her.

Satisfied at having regained possession of it, she made another attempt to escape from a scene which was rendered intolerably painful by the howls and protestations of the prisoner.

But her evidence was required; she was the most important witness in the case, and in spite of her absolute refusal to prosecute, and extreme reluctance to take any part in the affair, she was compelled to yield to the requirements of the law.

A cab was called, and much against her will Mrs. Dasson was driven to the nearest police-court.

It was a crowded one that day; some local rejoicing had ended in a street row; and so many were the rioters, so conflicting the testimony, that very faint and weary did the unwilling witness become ere the shoplifter was placed in the dock.

The painful ordeal of giving evidence against her was over at last, and Mrs. Dasson free to part; but as, with the aid of a policeman, she was edging her way through the throng hanging about the doors, a few words reached her that made her heart stand still.

"The worst accident they've ever had on that line," one man was saying to another. "You see it happened just as the train was full of City gents going up to their offices. I did hear that there was ten dead and no end of wounded."

"Is it—is it true?" gasped Mrs. Dasson to the policeman who was piloting her. "And where did it happen?"

"Well, yes, mum, I'm afraid it's true enough! A collision, you know, somewheres between—"—and he named the station from which her husband travelled—"and the next. Happened about nine-twenty, I reckon!"

Oh! agony that it was to hear this!—to be forced to tell herself that if her husband had gone earlier, as he intended, he would have escaped.

She looked so ill that the policeman civilly offered to procure a conveyance, into which he assisted her, asking where he should tell the cabman to drive.

"To the City!" was the reply.

And, accordingly, thither she was taken, trembling, weeping, praying; now fretting; now yielding to despair, and feeling convinced that she should find her husband at some hospital frightfully maimed; now hoping he had escaped injury; but always haunted with a dread that he was amongst the killed.

And they had parted in anger! She should never be able to express her penitence and receive his pardon.

How should she endure life if he was taken from her, or how forgive herself if he were amongst those who would linger out a miserable existence crushed, crippled?

But the cab was at the door of the office and a junior clerk, catching sight of a pale, pretty face at the window of the vehicle, officiously rushed out to interview its owner.

Mr. Dasson? He hadn't been at the office all day. Believed the governor had received a telegram——

Lela felt back almost prostrated by this confirmation of her fears. She contrived to give the new compassionate clerk her address, and bade the cabman take her to it as quickly as possible.

The door flew open as she tottered towards it, and Mary appeared, her apron at her eyes.

"Oh, ma'am, I'm so thankful you've come!" the girl sobbed. "My poor master!"

She threw open the dining-room door, and there, his arms flung out on the table, his head resting on them, sat Alfred Dasson, his hair dishevelled, his boots muddy, his clothes drenched with the rain that for the last two or three hours had been falling steadily.

The opening of the door aroused him; he sprang up, beheld Lela, who flew towards him, and they were rapturously clasped in each other's arms, and Mary closed the door upon them.

"Then he was safe—unhurt! Oh, Heaven be thanked! But where had he been? Looking for her? Why, what was she to understand from that?"

"When I left here," he explained, "the first thing I heard of was the accident that had happened to the train I missed, and someone told me that poor Tompkins—you have often heard me speak of him—was one of the sufferers by it. So I helped to carry him to the nearest hospital, and then hastened to his wife—she was staying with friends at Richmond—broke the news as well as I could, and took her to him. While thus employed, it struck me that my own wife might have heard an exaggerated account of the affair; so I wired to the city, excusing myself there, and came home to find Mary in great distress. You had gone out, she said, looking like a ghost, and accusing her of having ruined your happiness. You had gone as if you never meant to return, and I have been rushing from place to place ever since I heard this to find my darling and entreat her to return to me. I have but just come home, so worn out with fatigue and misery that I could hold up no longer."

Lela insisted on deferring her explanations till he had changed the wet garments in which he was shivering.

Need we say that they were satisfactory, or that the anxious hours spent by both husband and wife taught them that in wedded life even "a tiff" should be carefully avoided?

CHARLES MATHEWS, the famous actor, used to smoke the very worst cigars, never having paid more than 2 cents each for them. "They smoke," he would say, "and what more do you want of them? Well, I've some penny ones somewhere; try one of them?"

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

At the Methodist church in St. Johnsbury, Vt., the other Sunday, a blackboard was displayed upon which appeared a mountain divided off into geological strata, the upper one bearing the figures $50. Other sections were marked in small sums down to $1, the total representing the $708 of the church debt. This, the pastor said, he wanted to see wiped out, and, as subscriptions were announced from the audience, the corresponding figures and sections were erased from the board. In 25 minutes the whole mountain of debt had disappeared and there was $50 to spare.

Willie Pullman, a lad in Nashville, Tenn. came to his depth in peculiar manner the other day. He and two companions had gone to the river to drown a cat, and, on reaching the raft, they walked along it until there was a break between the logs, about six feet wide and twelve feet long. As the boy attempted to throw the cat into the hole the animal caught his sleeves with her claws which overbalanced him and threw him into the water. He arose to the surface once, but his little companions were too much frightened to assist him, and he was carried under the raft. Several gentlemen hastened to the boy's assistance, but were too late, although his body was subsequently recovered.

A gentleman returning to Louisville from Hot Springs, Arkansas, unwittingly created a good deal of excitement on the train, by introducing a large tarantula to the passengers. It appears that the insect, which he was taking to Louisville as a present to a friend, escaped from a bottle in which it had been confined, and made straightway in the direction of a young lady. The latter discovered him, jumped up on the seat and gave the alarm. Other women, it is related, went promptly into hysterics, and the men were thrown into a state of equal excitement. The tarantula had the car at its mercy for half an hour, but was finally run into the corner by its owner, and captured

A curious and particularly painful case of drowning, if such it may be called, is reported from Cincinnati. It seems that a three-year-old boy, named Willie Ruehrwein, attempted to get a drink from a hydrant which projected from a stand pipe above the ground. He could reach the brass nozzle with his lips by standing on tip-toe. In this position he put his lips to it, and with his hands straitened upward, turned the water on. Some children, watching, saw his head fall [illegible] to his side. The blood seemed to rush to his head, his mouth became swollen and his eyes bulged out. The body hung suspended by the lips. A woman who rushed in to the rescue, succeeded in releasing the boy from the hydrant after some difficulty, but he was already dead, and blood and water rushed in a stream from his nose and mouth. "It is thought the child turned the water on too strong and strangled. This produced contraction of the muscles of the lips and throat, which fastened him there while the water continued the work of strangulation."

The Supreme Court of Georgia has just heard argument in the smallest case which was ever brought before that body. It is called the "bee gum" case and came up from the glorious old county Gwinnet. John McMillan is the plaintiff and J. D. Ambrose the defendant. The former swore out a possessory warrant for the bee gum before a Justice of the Peace, and alleged in his affidavit that the bee gum was worth $2. The history of the bee gum shows that a short time before the suit it was sold at an administrator's sale for 15 cents. The case was decided against the plaintiff in the Justice Court and he appealed it to the Superior Court. The Superior Court sustained the Justice of the Peace and the case was then carried to the Supreme Court. Up to date the lawyers' fees and costs in the "bee gum case" will foot up about $1000. It is not the value of the bee gum that has led to this fierce and long-continued litigation, but the principle of the thing. The opinion of the Supreme Court in this weighty matter will be awaited with keen interest. Mr. Ambrose has gained his case twice.

With the exception of a few American doctors located in Australia the medical fraternity is composed of Englishmen. A physician from America must show a diploma from a college that is governed under a law as rigid as the one in England, as that state is considered in Australia to have the best law regulating medical colleges. A city physician in Australia always has full livery and a cabman, and, if too poor to own such a turn out, he then rents one. Of course, the country physician in a few places must of necessity ride on horseback. Another thing, a physician never hangs out a sign, but simply places on his office door a brass plate on which is the name, "Dr. ——." If a physician in that country should swing a sign to the air as we do here, it would be considered a vulgar breach of professional etiquette not to be tolerated, his name would be stricken from the register and he would be compelled to forego the practice of medicine if he did not conform to the simple style of a brass plate. It is also a rare thing to see a doctor chew tobacco in that country. There are a great many smokers, but they are never seen smoking in their offices or on the street.

Our Young Folks.

THE CHILDREN'S VISIT.

BY JOHN W. KIRTON.

IT was a beautiful sunny morning when Charles and Mary Adams started to pay a long promised visit to the home of Mrs. Owens, an old friend of their mother's. For some weeks it had been a constant source of conversation to them as they looked forward to it. Curiosity and wonder had combined to make the subject full of interest.

Mrs. Owens had been a bosom companion of Mrs. Adams when they were at a boot; ever since they had been married theoy had kept up a constant correspondence by letters. This had at length led to Mrs. Owens coming up from the country on a visit to Mrs. Adams in the busy town of Brighton. A few months previous to the opening of our story, when she went away, she was promised that as soon as the holidays arrived in the summer Mrs. Adams and her children would spend a portion of the time at her home in the pretty village of Cowley, where, amid the country lanes and the beauty of her own house and garden, she felt sure that the children would find plenty to make the time pass away pleasantly, and also contribute to the good of their health.

Everything on the way to Cowley proved a source of surprise and joy to Charles and Mary Adams. Having been brought up amid the busy life of a town, with its streets and shops, they were all the more ready to enjoy the sight of the green fields, the splendid trees, and waving corn, as the train quickly made its way from one station to another, and when they arrived at the end of their journey, and found themselves seated around the tea-table, where they could look down on a nicely-kept lawn with its bed of beautiful flowers here and there smiling upon them, they thought that nothing could be prettier, or more calculated to make them happy.

After tea Mrs. Owens suggested that her two children, Robert and Ellen, should take Charles and Mary into the garden, where she told them they would be sure to find enough to satisfy all their desires, and also make their first evening pass away pleasantly and quickly.

"Let me show you my rabbits," said Robert to Charles, as he marched him away, full of importance and glee.

"And I will show you my garden," added Ellen, as she tripped along, full of excitement and anxiety to do her best to make her young friends happy. The ringing laugh and the hearty way with which they went about the garden, soon gave plain proof that they were quickly on good terms with one another, and that for the time school had been quite forgotten.

From one thing to another they had made their way, although it was with difficulty this Ellen could be persuaded to leave some of the flowers, on account of their beauty and fragrance, so completely was she carried away by her admiration and delight. As for Charles, when he saw the rabbits his surprise knew no bounds, as he said—

"Well, I never did see such beauties; did you, Mary?"

"No. What long ears they have!" she said; "and how white and clean they are!"

"Yes," added Robert, who felt proud to see how they appreciated his pets. "They are the very best kind, and I quite expect to carry the first prize with them at our next show."

"And how tame they are!" said Charles, as he stroked one of them with his hand.

"Oh, yes," replied Robert. "You see, I treat them always with kindness, so they don't fear me or anyone."

Opening the door, he then proceeded to show Charles and Mary how they would eat out of his hand and in other ways prove that they were willing to trust him to do as he wished with them.

"It is nice to live in the country," said Mary; "and have such beautiful things. I do wish we could come and live here; we should be so happy;"

"So do I," added Charles; "but perhaps some day we may, so let us learn to be content."

"That is right," said Robert; "as my mother often says, for a contented mind is a continual feast, while discontent makes us lose the pleasure of the present."

With so much too see and enjoy the evening passed away far too rapidly, and it was only when the shades gathered round them that they realised that it was time to retire to rest, feeling full of wonder and joy at what they had seen and heard during that eventful day.

Next morning they were up early. The singing of the birds and the bright sunshine prove so attractive that they could not remain indoors. So the moment they were allowed to leave the house off they scamp red, full of life and energy, to make the most of the time. Just as they entered that part of the garden, where potatoes, greens, peas, and other things were grown for the use of the family, they came across Peter Long the gardener.

"Good morning, Peter," said Robert. "These are two friends who have come to spend a few days with us."

"Good morning, Master Robert," replied Peter, "and the same to you also, my young friends. I hope you will have a pleasant time down here together."

"That I am sure we shall," replied Charles, "for there is so much to see and learn."

"You are right," added Peter; "and, as I often tell Master Robert, it is a wise thing to pick up all the knowledge you can as you go along, for you never know but what you may want it some day or other. Be as busy as bees is my motto."

"But if bees are busy," replied Charles, "they must have a nice time of it I should fancy, flying about these gardens, dropping down upon the roses, flowers, and other things, sipping up the sweets as they do. I fancy boys and girls would be busy too if they only had to go into the shops where they sold sweets, or only had to open jars containing peppermint and sugar-plums all day, with no one to hinder them, or to hurt them, while they were at it."

"There you make a mistake. Bees have enemies to contend with like everyone else."

"Indeed, you surprise me," said Charles. "I always thought that as the bees flew about from flower to flower they have nothing to fear, except now and then some naughty boy may try to kill them."

"Many people make that blunder, for want of knowing better," replied Peter. "But they could soon learn different if they would give a little attention to the subject. For instance, there is one bird called the bee-eater, because he is so fond of them; then there is the wood-pecker, and the honey buzzard, and the ant-eater. One kind of moth often lays its eggs in the bee-hive, and the little caterpillars hatch and live on the honey, and drive the bees out of their home. The mice and frogs also like bees when they can get them. Spiders, too, make webs near their houses, and do their best to entice them to walk into their parlor, so they may katch them like they do the silly flies."

"You do surprise me," said Charles. "But I should have thought that bees were too wide awake to be caught in such traps. I always thought they were very wise and clever."

"But do you think bees are wider awake and cleverer than men, women, boys and girls? They get caught in traps sometimes, don't they?"

"Yes; and even some of the boys at our school get, as they say, 'caught;' and I've heard my father and mother say of some people they know, 'They have been caught,' when they got into trouble."

"All that, my dear young friend, clearly shows that as we go through life it is needful to be always on our guard lest we be caught by any temptation or designing enemy."

"But, Peter," said Robert, "I notice in our hives that some bees stay at home, others just move around, and don't appear to do anything. They don't 'gather honey all day,' as the hymn says they do. What sort of bees are the idle ones?"

"They are called drones, Master Robert."

"And don't they get a bit of honey?" asked Charles.

"Not much, if any," replied Peter. "They wait for the working bees to collect the honey and bring it home. They are busy in their way, though. One good thing about the lazy bee is this—it never stings. Only the queen bee and the workers sting."

"But how do you happen to know all this?" asked Mary who began to feel very much interested in learning all she could about them.

"By watching their ways, little miss; and if you will come with me down the garden I will show you some bees at work in their hive."

This was an unexpected treat to Charles and Mary, as they followed Peter to the hives. Opening the side doors, they could see the bees busy at work, hurrying to and fro like an army.

"See," said Peter, "there is the queen bee; she is quite a lady, and is always waited upon by five or six maids of honor. The drones are also waiting about to be fed. The workers are actively building cells, and feeding the little ones and making honey."

"Are all the cells alike?" asked Charles.

"Oh, no! The queens cell is made much larger than the rest, and the honey cells are deeper than those for the other bees."

"How many queens do they have in each hive?" asked Mary.

"Only one."

"And what do they do when the little bees grow up, and they are short of room inside for them to live in?"

"They swarm off and we have to provide them with another hive. That is how it was we have now four hives. We only began with one."

"And suppose they get short of food, what do they do?" asked Charles.

"They kill off the idle bees first, when they find the honey jars are getting empty."

"They appear to know how to take care of themselves, that's certain," said Robert.

"Yes. Indeed, there are many other curious things about them which we know: how they hurry home before a storm comes; how wisely they build their home; how carry from flower to flower colors and life, and in many other ways teach us the value of order loyalty and industry. But I must not further stay with you, except to say that I hope, like the bee you will seek to improve each shining hour, and gather honey all the day from every opening flower. You will thus find life will be the happier and your days be better employed."

Charles and Mary told their mother when they saw her, what they had learned from Peter the gardener. During the remainder of their visit they had still further opportunities of adding to their store of knowledge, from which they received, at home, many benefits; and above all, they never forgot the importance of industry, order and loyalty, which was so clearly taught them by the bees in their hives.

To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting.

BLACKWING.

BY MAGGIE BROWN.

"PUNISH him for his impertinence," said an old crow; "the pert young thing, venturing to offer advice to us, telling me, a respectable bird, old enough to be his great grandmother, that I don't know what I am talking about."

And what was all the bother about? Just this:—For some time the crows had been feeling very indignant and angry because a party of hawks had taken possession of their favorite hill-top.

This hill—and it was a high one too—was known by the people round about as Rough Crag.

It was very rocky and very lonely—just the place, the hawks thought, to make a home. They had seized upon it, and after some fighting had driven the crows away, and settled down, thinking to have no further trouble.

But the crows were not to be so easily set aside, and they quickly called a meeting to consider what was best to be done.

The crows always made a great deal of noise at any meeting they held, but on this occasion there was more than usual.

Quite a young bird, Blackwing by name, had ventured to address the meeting, and had suggested that he should lead a party against the hawks, as it needed fresh young birds to fight with them.

Then an old crow became indignant, and told Blackwing that "fresh young birds" had no experience, and that he should not advise his elders.

Sad to say, Blackwing answered back, as he certainly ought not to have done, and told the old crow she did not know what she was talking about. After that there was such a noise that no bird could hear what any other bird was saying.

The end of it was that all the crows quite forgot to discuss the question of Rough Crag and the hawks, and instead, talked of nothing but Blackwing's impertinence.

There were a few who tried to defend him by saying that after all he had meant very well; but the greater number of the crows were against him, and declared that as a punishment he should not be allowed to go out with any of the fighting parties against the hawks for a whole month.

Instead of taking his punishment quietly and humbly the young crow tossed his beak high in the air and stalked away.

"They say I am not to be allowed to fight," he muttered; "we shall see—we shall see."

Next day another meeting of the crows was held in the same field; and after much discussion it was decided that twelve of the oldest warriors should at once make an attack on Rough Crag. The assault was carefully planned, and the warriors chosen.

Just as they were about to start they were surprised to see a young crow flying very quickly towards them from the Crag.

He seemed very tired, and he was evidently anxious to reach them.

Some of the crows at once flew out to meet him. Directly they reached him he said excitedly, "Fly quickly to his help, or he will be killed!"

"Whose help? Where is he? What is the matter?" demanded the crows in chorus.

But the young bird was much too tired to talk. He just managed to gasp out, "The hawks—Rough Crag"—before he fell to the ground exhausted.

These words were enough, however, for at once the twelve crows flew as quickly as possible to the crag, followed by many of the others.

When they reached the top of Rough Crag they were indeed horrified at what they saw.

Stretched on the ground lay Blackwing, his feathers ruffled, his wing broken. There were no hawks to be seen.

There were, indeed, the remains of a hawk's nest, and a great many feathers scattered about, but no hawks.

The crows at once gathered round Blackwing, to see if they could help him. They thought at once that he was dead, but he was not, only unconscious, and after a time he recovered his senses, and was able to tell his story.

"When you all decided that I was not to fight against the hawks," he said, "I was very angry, and made up mind at once to disobey you. I waited until you were all at the meeting, and then determined to fight the hawks alone. I was fortunate enough to find only one bird in the nest, and after a hard fight I killed him. I then destroyed the nest, and was preparing to return to the meeting to boast of my victory, when, to my horror, I saw two other hawks flying towards the crag. I tried to escape, but they had seen me, and at once chased me. Then I saw a young crow flying towards me, and once more taking courage, managed to turn to help as quickly as possible. The hawks seemed rather frightened when they saw him fly away, but I heard one to say to the other, 'We will kill him before they come.' At last, wearied out, I sank to the ground, and gave up all hope. The hawks rose above me, prepared to drop right down upon me, when suddenly I heard a loud noise, and then—I know no more."

What was the noise? The crows soon found out. As they were carrying the crag to carry the news to the other birds they found the body of a hawk lying on the ground. When they went closer to it they soon saw that it had been shot by a gun.

Some shepherd must have seen Blackwing's plight, and have come to the rescue, for he had killed both hawks.

After a few weeks Blackwing was well again. The old crows declared that in some ways he was better than he had been before his fight with the hawks, for he was no longer so ready to give advice to those more experienced than himself, and he was much more willing to obey orders.

THE CAT, BIRDS AND CAKE.

BY A. W. B.

IN a garden there was a sort of arbor, formed by part of an old stone wall and some bushes. There was an old table and some garden chairs placed in it, but why they were there the birds never knew, for no one came to sit there.

The old lady and gentleman who lived at the house did not often come so far, and when they did they did not sit down, but one said to the other—

"We must have the chairs mended: they would tumble down if one tried to sit upon them."

"The table too is rickety," said the old gentleman.

"Ah well!" said the old lady, "we do not want to use it."

"No," answered the old gentleman, smiling; "we may leave the arbor and its belongings to the birds. Listen how sweetly they are singing amongst the branches; if I had a biscuit with me I would give them some crumbs."

So a few days afterwards, when one of the maids came down, and after having examined the legs of the rickety table, put a white cloth over it, observing, "It is strong enough to bear the cake" the birds watched her movements with much interest, and when she came again, carrying the cake with her, they felt at once, having heard the old gentleman's remarks, that the good old couple were providing a treat for them.

They congregated on the bushes around, but did not venture to help themselves until the maid was out of sight.

Then they hopped from the branches, pecked away at the cake, and enjoyed themselves greatly.

Now the birds had not been long engaged in this manner before a cat stole softly into the arbor, hiding behind the folds of the tablecloth.

She belonged to the couple, who were very fond of her, and were always considering what they could do to render her life as happy as a cat's life could be.

She was a handsome cat, and everyone made a great fuss with her, and petted her, and gave her cream when it could be spared, and at other times the best new milk. But notwithstanding this, and the savory scraps of meat and fish that fell to her share, Puss longed after mice and small birds, and never failed to be on the look-out for them whenever an opportunity presented itself.

To-day she had wandered down to the arbor with the maid, and thus watched her putting the cloth and the cake on the table, and had wondered why it was done. So she waited to see.

She had not been there long when the birds flocked down to their repast.

"Ah!" said she to herself, "this is a capital plan to bring the birds together. I shall have no difficulty in securing one or two of them. This is doubtless another device of my kind mistress to give me pleasure. How good she is to me!"

And when the birds were off their guard, and quite taken up with the feast before them, Puss suddenly made a spring.

But instead of seizing one of the birds she caught her paw in a fold of the cloth, and dragged both it and the cake down on the ground.

The crumbly cake broke in two, and rolled under the chairs and into the bushes. Then the birds flew away, and Puss heard them chattering at having been disturbed.

Just at this moment up came a troop of merry children, crying out—

"Granny said we should find the cake she had made for us in the arbor. And Sarah said that we should find a table-cloth on the table and the chairs put in order."

They rushed into the arbor, and stopped; and one said—

"It's gone!"

Then another said—

"It's like the story of the bears, only just a little different. Who's been eating our cake and rolled it on the ground? And who's been at our cloth and pulled it down?"

Then Charley, one of the boys, said—

"Why, I'll tell you all about it. The birds thought the cake was for them, so they came to eat it; and Puss thought the birds were for her, and so she jumped on the table and tried to catch them, and fell down and took the cloth with her."

"Yes, that's it, of course," said Rose; "but good Mr. Birds and good Miss Puss, the cake wasn't for you, it was for us."

"And we shan't get any of it; it is all covered with gravel."

Then they went to tell the old lady, who was their grandmother, what had happened.

"Oh, my dears," said she, "so it often happens in the world. Some people think that everything is made on purpose for them, and so they take it, and those for whom it is intended have to go without. It is a quite a little lesson for you. But in this case I fortunately have another cake in the cupboard, and so whilst you ponder over the doings of the cat and birds you shall still have a piece of cake to eat."

"It is just like a fable," said Charley.

"But it is a real one," said Rose; "and we will call it 'The Cat, the Birds, and the Cake.'"

FIRST AND BEST.

BY S. U. W.

She came to me in a careless way
And idly spoke thy name,
I, over my broidery bending low,
Felt my face leap into a flame.
And the dainty bit of my lace work swayed
And fell from my finger tips:
My teeth closed over and nearly pierced
The depths of my trembling lips.

I thought, beloved, that I had forgot,
And, one day in the long ago,
I had buried thy face in my heart's ravine
And covered it over with snow:
But to-day when she spoke in a careless way,
The snow drifts swept afar,
And out of the lonely grave thy face
Shone out like a changeless star.

And childhood's the sweetest time of life
And the bird loves his early nest,
And all things tell in the song of life
That the first love's always best:
And so, beloved, in time's vast sea
I may drift on each changeful wave,
But ever and often thy haunting face
Will gleam from its sacred grave.

OLD BREAD AND NEW.

What is there to tell about a loaf, when all of us know so well what it is like? Yet, if we trace the history of a loaf of bread, we shall find that it was not always quite the same thing, for in the good but rather hard times of the Middle Ages the peasantry, and indeed most people, lived on very different fare from what they do now; the best white bread, called "simnel bread," or "pain demayn," being only consumed by royal or very rich persons.

More ordinary folks ate "wasted bread," and "cocket," which last owed its name to the baker's cocket or seal, with which he was by law obliged to mark each loaf he sold.

Then came still commoner kinds: the "tourte," made of unbolted meal; the "treto," a brown loaf, made of meal once bolted: then "all sorts," a dry sort of black loaf; "house bread," and others composed of oats, rye, barley, peas, and beans, or mixtures of these.

To this day the use of oats and peas is common enough in the North of Scotland and Ireland.

In those old days, when public bakers were more looked after than they are at present, they were only allowed to make certain bread, under risk of a heavy penalty. They were also obliged to stamp each loaf sold with a registered seal, which was examined by properly appointed persons once a month; and still further to prevent cheating, sample loaves were taken hot from the ovens by assay officers, called "hutch reves," who came at unexpected hours and closely examined them, and reported on their quality.

These ancient bakers might not sell their loaves in their own shops or houses, but must carry them to the king's market, where the bread was exposed for sale in large boxes, or baskets called "panyers." For this privilege the baker paid the king a toll.

The whole arrangement must have been very awkward for those buyers who lived at a distance from the market, and so the master baker had permission to hire hucksters, who carried his loaves round to the different customers, and who were allowed by law to claim thirteen to the dozen. You have heard of a baker's dozen, no doubt, the odd one being their profit.

Of course, many persons made their own bread at home, and baked it as best they could, or they might send it to be baked at the regular bakers' ovens; they might even go themselves, or send their servants, to the bakehouse to watch over their loaves.

When we mention the baker's loaf of to-day, we naturally think only of those made of white wheaten flour. Yet the modern law concerning bread mentions that many other things besides wheat may be employed in its composition.

It is especially stated that bread may be made of flour or meal of wheat, but it also adds that barley, rye, oats, buckwheat, Indian corn, peas, beans, rice, potatoes, or any of them may be used, mixed with pure water, common salt, eggs, milk; barm leaven, potato or other leaven, may be added as the baker sees fit.

Before proceeding to understand the nature and uses of others of these "breadstuffs," so solemnly mentioned by our laws, let us take up a handful of wheat and ask what it is.

The best white bread is made from the fine flour, "the very heart of corn," obtained by a first grinding. Good, wholesome "seconds," or ordinary household bread, is a compound of the first and second grindings; the third making a very poor loaf indeed.

Brown bread is a mixture of "firsts," "seconds," and "whole meal," that is, the produce of a first grinding just as it leaves the mill-stones: a coarse compound of flour and bran, which is generally considered very wholesome, because of some resinous matter hidden in the outside layers or bran of the wheat.

The Germans make a bread called "pumpernickel" from wheat as it leaves the millstone after its first grinding.

So much about wheat; let us now mention some of the other bread-stuffs by law allowed—namely, barley, oats, rye, Indian corn, beans, peas, potatoes, and rice.

Among these, barley certainly claims the foremost place as the grain which formed one of the chief supports of the people of the civilized nations, from the days of Ezekiel to those of Cæsar's Roman soldiers, or our own forefathers.

Has not tradition told how the burning of a barley loaf cost great King Alfred of England, a severe box of the ears, from the over-ready hand of an irate neatherd's wife, whose loaves, or rather cakes (for, as barley contains no gluten, it cannot be worked into a light enough dough), no doubt exactly resembled those still eaten in Siberia, the north of Germany, Sweden, Norway, and even in parts of Ireland and Scotland. It is cultivated in this country chiefly for the use of brewers, who steep it in water until it becomes malt; being again steeped and boiled with hops, it forms beer, or, as one of its names signifies, "barley wine."

Then come oats, prettiest and hardiest of all cereals, flourishing where wheat and barley droop and die, seeming to prosper all the more for bad soil and inclement weather. It does not make very palatable bread, and soon turns heavy and sour. Yet it is much used in Scotland, that "land 'o cakes," where oats, being coarsely bruised, and kneaded with water and salt, are made into little flat loaves, or cakes, and baked on an iron plate or griddle.

Here, too, as we mentioned, besides the "otes," the poorer folks still make bannocks, or cakes, of "peases" dried and ground into a powder and baked on the hearth, after the fashion of the Arabs, or our long ago ancestors.

Grains of Gold.

A weak mind is ambitious of envy, a strong one of respect.

Why do we discover faults so much more readily than perfections?

Patience is the support of weakness; impatience is the ruin of strength.

We fancy we suffer from ingratitude, while in reality we suffer from self-love.

Only those faults which we encounter in ourselves are insufferable to us in others.

The friendships of the world are oft confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure.

Envy is like a fly that passes all a body's soundest parts and dwells upon the sores.

Success has a great tendency to conceal and throw a veil over the evil deeds of men.

Had we not faults of our own we should take less pleasure in observing those of others.

A pedant holds more to instruct us with what he knows, than of what we are ignorant.

The hearers of a sermon ought to leave the church prepared to do as well as to believe.

If there be a crime of deeper dye than all the guilty train of human vices, it is ingratitude.

Success is full of promise till men get it; and then it is a last year's nest, from which the bird has flown.

We can offer up much in the large, but to make sacrifices in little things is what we are seldom equal to.

Ingratitude is, of all crimes, what in ourselves we account the most venial, in others the most unpardonable.

If we did but know how little some enjoy of the great things they possess, there would not be much envy in the world.

There are many who talk on from ignorance rather from knowledge and who find the former an inexhaustible fund of conversation.

If you would be well with a great mind, leave him with a favorable impression of you; if with a little mind, leave him with a favorable opinion of himself.

There is one single fact, which one may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity, namely, that no man ever repented of being a Christian on his death-bed.

Femininities.

Bachelor—A wild goose that tame geese envy.

Glass spoons for pickles are a new thing from Europe.

A woman's strength is in her tongue, is a Welsh proverb.

Marietta, Ohio, was named for the French Queen, Marie Antoinette.

A good many women who have married dry goods clerks have got two yards of illusion as a premium.

The man in the moon is now said to be a woman. If she has a husband she will know where he is nights.

A woman endures the society of another woman only as a means of killing time until she can be in the society of a man.

Four gracefully grouped cherubs having heads of carved moonstone and wings of paved diamonds make a unique brooch.

A high temper in a woman doesn't do very much harm, if she's an old maid; but if she has a husband, it's a different thing.

"What's an amateur, Helen?" asked Bobbie of his elder sister. "I think it's a person who isn't very mature," was the wise reply.

"You should know my wife," Matthew Arnold once remarked to an acquaintance; "she has all of my sweetness and none of my conceit."

A man at National City, Cal., has been arrested for publicly wearing on his back a card stating that another person had refused to pay him a debt of $150.

A rare talent. "A very clever girl that stupid Miss Blum who just went out?" "Clever? Why, she never opens her mouth!" "That's where she's clever."

First officer: "I have so many debts that nothing remains for me but to marry or to shoot myself." Second officer: "Well, then, marry! You can shoot yourself later, too."

It is currently reported that a young lady at a concert in Boston recently, informed her escort, in response to his inquiry, that Joan of Arc was one of Noah's seven daughters.

An eccentricity of fashion is a diamond brooch with a watch attachment, which is wound up, and the circle of large stones revolves for 8 hours. The effect is said to be very dazzling.

An artistic scarf-pin recently seen is a bow of ribbon having three loops of green, red and yellow gold respectively. Between the loops are set a diamond, a ruby and a sapphire.

A couple were married at Atchison, Kas., recently, who had nothing in the world but 10 cents with which to pay their toll across the bridge which spans the Missouri at that place.

The skins of the stuffed birds used for trimming hats or bonnets are sometimes saturated with arsenic. This is liable to get into the eyes and throat of the wearer and inflame both.

The market women of Berlin have an ancient right which they jealously assert, namely, that of presenting on New Year's Eve to the Crown Prince 6 sausages, a tart and 25 hard-boiled eggs.

Frank Collins, a St. Cloud, Minn., expressman, lit a cigar and, finding that it would not draw, cut it in two and discovered a cartridge in the middle with the ball pointed to the smaller end.

An authority announces that monogram bangles are gradually drifting out of fashion. The bangle itself, though, isn't being discarded, only instead of a monogram the giver's photograph is now "the thing."

"Who made this hash?" "Why, my new Boston cook, of course." "Then please return to her these remnants of a pair of eyeglasses, and tell her that she needn't give her dishes such an intellectual flavor hereafter."

Mistress: "What do you mean, Susan, by putting on my new hat and admiring yourself in the looking-glass?" Maid: "Oh, mum, I don't mean any harm. I only thought I would like to see how your hat sets off a pretty face."

If those front-gate women were smart they would have their husbands build their houses even out to the sidewalk and with little balconies on the front of them, so they could sit on them and see what is going on up and down the street.

A Washington man, who had his nose broken by a base ball last year, wants $500 to open late season with. You may think it a high-priced nose, but his girl has gone back on him since the break, and he would have got $20,000 with her.

Lover, passionately: "My sweet! my darling! I love you with all my heart! Be mine!" Fair maiden: "Oh, Fred, this is so sudden; I must have time——" Lover: "No, no! I must have my answer now, as I have my eye on another girl."

A correspondent writes to a medical publication that the "best remedy for bugs in hospitals" is a trap made by boring gimlet holes in a piece of wood. Station one of these traps under each bed, and periodically give it a bath in a basin of boiling water.

George M. Pullman has as much regard for the executive ability of women as for that of men. He is always willing to pay a woman a man's wages if she can do a man's work. He has a great many women in his employ, and has a high opinion of their usefulness.

Parisian balls are nowadays pushed round so late that they do not come to an end until long after daylight. The most amusing of the recent social novelties is the introduction of a breakfast served at 7 o'clock. This is putting into practice the idea, long jokingly associated with paying late, with a vengeance.

"Why, Cicely, my dear, I'm so glad you called in the morning. I want you to go shopping with me," said her best friend, enthusiastically. "With pleasure. What are you going to have that's new?" "Oh, nothing; but I'm going to match a braid and get some new buttons for my jacket." "We can easily use up the morning. I'll be with you directly."

Masculinities.

A man who wears a wig is not without his faults.

The loudest amens make but little rattle in the contribution box.

Some men find fault because they are never lucky enough to find anything else.

Talk is cheap. The man who talks too much gets so liberal that he gives himself away.

All men are born free and equal, according to law, but all of them do not stay that way.

One of the most expert pickpockets in San Francisco is said to be a boy only 15 years of age.

A New York oculist says that the greatest enemy to the eyes of young men is the cigarette.

Let men laugh when you sacrifice desire to duty, if they will. You have time and eternity to rejoice in.

"Pa," said a little fellow to his unshaved father, "your chin looks like the wheel in the musical box."

A man may be truthful in everything else, but he always played a better game of billiards several years ago than he does now.

An Austrian army officer has left his fortune to a nephew on the condition that he shall never indulge in newspaper reading.

The man who is looking for something to do rarely finds anything, but if he is willing to do anything, he can always find something.

The King of Spain is 18 months old, and has a salary of $1,000,000, with the prospect of a raise as soon as the business will warrant it.

There is a man in Brooklyn who has drunk 10,920 glasses of whisky in a year, and has been keeping up the same average for years.

The man who is in the wrong uses hard words and soft arguments, while the man who is in the right uses soft words and hard arguments.

An incurable old bachelor—one who, seemingly rejoices in his infirmities—describes marriage as "a female despotism, tempered by puddings."

The father of a 5-year old boy never knew there were so many questions in the English language until he took his boy to see a wax works exhibition.

"A swindle in sealskins" is reported from Canada. Ah, well, there have been lots of sweet little swindles in sealskins about Philadelphia last winter.

The Mayor of Ty-Ty, Ga., having got a job as trainman in a neighboring city, has thrown up his office, and dark, horrid chaos stares the citizens in the face.

There is no road too long to the man who advances deliberately and without undue haste; there are no honors too distant to the man who prepares himself for them with patience.

True love's most signal triumph over poverty and age must be the recent marriage in England between a spinster of 75 and a bachelor of 85, both in receipt of parish assistance.

A Conkling man says that among all the acquaintances and friendships that the late Senator formed from the beginning of his manhood not one of them ever addressed him as "Roscoe."

Women have cheek enough to wear men's hats on their heads. But there's one thing they dare not do. Not one of them dare to remove her hat in public and dust off the bald spot.

There is something solemn in the tones of a great bell striking midnight, especially if you are a mile from home and know that your wife is sitting behind the hall door waiting for you.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good or upon others' evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other.

A St. Louis hotel clerk claims to have made the discovery that tall men sleep later in the morning than short men, and that persons of a dark complexion invariably require more rest than blondes.

Julius Cæsar owed two millions when he risked the experiment of being general in Gaul. If Julius Cæsar had not lived to cross the Rubicon, and pay off his debts, what would his creditors have called Julius Cæsar?

A chiropodist in Paris commences his puff with these words: "All the world has corns, the fairest, boldest, best. Romeo doubtless had corns; Juliet had, probably; and you, ladies and gentlemen, need not blush to expose your feet to the operator."

She: "Ah, John, before we were married you were always wishing you were one of the knights of old, so you might show your devotion, and now—" He: "Great guns, Maria, did you ever hear of one of those old chivalry fellows jumping up from his paper to chop wood?"

A new Georgia revivalist, the Rev. J. B. Culpepper, is credited with observing, in the course of a sermon: "I would rather be a negro with red eyes, kinky wool, boneless nose, and a hollow of the foot that makes a hole in the ground, than play poker till 1 o'clock in the morning and go home and deceive my wife about it."

A suit for the possession of a red setter dog is on trial at Atlanta. Last spring a dispute arose as to the ownership of the dog, and the animal was arrested and sent to the Fulton county jail, where it has been ever since, awaiting trial. The dog occupied a prominent place in Court, and was tied to a rope held by the bailiff.

A man near Vienna lost three wives, by each of whom he had become possessed of a child and a mother-in-law. He was on excellent terms with all. These ladies used to meet frequently at his house, where they came to see his children; but the meetings finally culminated in a grand pitched battle, and they all three subpœnaed the son-in-law as a witness.

Recent Book Issues.

Unlike many poets who have written thousands of verses, made one moment apparently, only to be forgotten the next, Rose Terry Cooke, in her volume just issued, gives many reasons for her taking a high place among the nobler singers of America. While not without—in some degree—every merit of mere form and construction that the best poetry should possess, it is above all marked by the charms of natural life, truth, and feeling. Varying through the different emotions, it is everywhere marked by touches that bring the feeling heart into union with its sentiments and harmonies. In saying that its some hundreds of productions are good poetry, we bestow what we consider the highest praise. Published in neatly, printed and bound form. Gottsberger, New York, publisher. For sale by Porter & Coates.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The June number of the *Quiver* opens with a paper on "Wesley in Seven Dials," giving an account of the work done in that notorious quarter of London by the great divine. "The Salvation of the Canaanite," is a theological paper by Dean Chadwick. The first of a series of papers on "Mission Work at the Universities," deals with Cambridge. We are given the second paper on "Some Bible Plants," and a string of "Pearls of Christian Song;" between the two comes an account of his "Experiences Among a Savage People," by Rev. J. S. Whitmee. The Rev. R. H. Lovell writes of "Joyous Christians," while the author of "Joshua Padgett" writes on "Meeting Troubles Half-Way." Dr. Cunningham Geikee's work in the Holy Land is described. The fourth paper in the series on "The Salt of the Earth," is reached, and "Particular Providences" are discussed by Rev. Dr. Tyron Edwards, of Detroit. There are other good articles besides poetry and a number of short stories as well as serials. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

The June number of the *Magazine of Art* has for its frontispiece a splendid etching after Walter Langley's painting, "Betrayed," which attracted wide attention at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1887. The opening article, by Frederick Wedmore, is devoted to the popular French painter, Jean Jacques Henner, and is illustrated with excellent engravings from his best known works. George Clausen replies to M. Chesneau's paper on "The English School in Peril." The editor of the *Magazine* writes of "Christie's," the famous art auction rooms of London, and J. Walter Wilson furnishes the illustrations. A. H. Church writes of "Light and Water Colors." There is a full-page portrait of Sir Frederick Leighton. A bright paper on "An Academy Critic of a Hundred Years Ago," gives an interesting account of Dr. Walcot, better known as "Peter Pindar." "Art Unions and Art Lotteries," is an article that can be read with profit, as is also "A Dethroned Masterpiece of the Revival." The *Magazine of Art* is indeed indispensable to all lovers of art. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

FEATS OF GLUTTONS.—Tournaments of gluttons were not uncommon up to fifty or sixty years ago. Twenty pounds of cherries are said to have been eaten at one sitting by a competitor at one of these encounters. She was a young girl, and gained the day; but she did not long survive her victory.

At Portsmouth a soldier of the Dutch artillery tried, for a trifling wager, to eat a pound-and-a-half of beef while standing on his head. He had disposed of a considerable portion, when all at once his comrades observed him making strange faces; and on turning him up he gasped and died. A laborer near the same place, ate a bullock's head, a gallon of potatoes, half a gallon of turnips, and the soup of the boiling.

But perhaps the greatest achievement in these uncleanly competitions was that of a certain Jerry Eke, a Norfolk man, whose powers at harvest suppers were the boast and wonder and envy of the villages round.

At a farmer's market dinner a wager was laid for five pounds that he would eat a calf at a sitting. "The calf"—let us hope only a baby calf—"was killed. The bones were cut out, the flesh was chopped into minute particles, and apportioned into seventeen enormous pasties, whose outer crust was a thin film of batter made lovely and tempting to every sense, but carefully kept from any ingredients that could cloy the palate. Jerry was called in, he having agreed to the wager with evident delight, and was told he might fall to. He did so, and steadily gorged. He had had no difficulty with the first nine pasties, but when a tenth was brought in he seemed to flag. To the horror of his backers he signed and looked perplexed. It was but for a moment; he only desired to expostulate. 'I say, Mas'r, I ain't got nothing to say agin them poys—I loik 'em amazin'; but I'm a-thinkin' et's a'mayst time as I should begin upon that thar calf!'"

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are those who court fortune—those who are always looking out for and investigating the opportunities that are offered. Send your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and they will mail you free, full particulars about work that you can do while living at home, wherever you are located, and earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards. Capital not required. You are started free. Both sexes. All ages. Some have earned over $50 in a single day. All is new.

ABOUT ODD MUSIC.

THE love of producing or listening to musical sounds seem to be universal. Amongst even the most savage nations we find some form of musical instrument.

With the Jew's-harp, one note only is produced by the elastic spring or tongue, which is kept in vibration by the finger, the various sounds being produced by exhalation and expiration of air, modulated by the mouth of the performer. It was known as early as 1619, under the name of Crembalum. In modern times there have been some remarkable performers on this instrument, who have appeared with success at public concerts in the principal cities of Europe. The accomplished Eulenstein destroyed, we are told, all his teeth by too long a practice of this instrument.

The Hum-strum or Hurdy-gurdy, seems to been invented about the middle of the seventeenth century. Pepys, in his "Diary" (the fifth of October, 1664), says:

"To the Musique-meeting at the Postoffice. And thither, anon, come all the Gresham College, and a great deal of noble company; and the new instrument was brought called the Arched Viall, where being tuned with lute strings and played on with kees like an organ, a piece of parchment is always kept moving; and the strings, which by the kees are pressed down upon it, are grated in imitation of a bow, by the parchment; and so it is intended to resemble several vyals played on with one bow, but so basely and so harshly that it will never do."

It was till very lately customary for newly-wedded couples to be serenaded by some butchers of the neighborhood, who, struck with marrow-bones upon their cleavers, each cleaver being ground down to produce imitations of the wedding-bells and various tunes, according to their ability. Mostly these performers were amply satisfied with a little money thrown out to them for the purchase of beer.

Persons who were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, London, were serenaded by what was known as "His Majesty's Royal Peal of Marrowbones and Cleavers, instituted 1719." From their receipt book which was carefully preserved, it appears that the donation, given by each person, was generally five dollars, which was received on a silver plate ornamented with blue ribbon and a chaplet of flowers.

Sometimes the boys and idlers would spoil the effect of the marrowbones and cleavers by following with what was known as "the Rough Music," elicited from pots, pans, drums, whistles, and, in fact, anything that could produce noise. A letter from Robin Bridegroom to the "Spectator," refers to this custom, and condemns such sounds as very improper in a wedding concert, as "seeming to insinuate that the joys of this state are short, and jars and discords soon ensue."

We find in the "Spectator" a remarkable account of some curious music, which shows at the same time the free and easy manners of those times when men of position did not think it beneath their dignity to visit and spend their time in taverns.

The "Spectator" tells us: "I was the other day, at a tavern, where the master of the house, talking of a certain good great man, told me he had sometimes the honour to treat him with a whistle—adding by way of parenthesis—'for you must know, gentlemen, that I whistle the best of any man in Europe.'

"Upon desiring him to give us a sample of his art, he called for a case-knife, and applying the edge of it to his mouth, converted it into a musical instrument and entertained me with an Italian solo. Upon laying down the knife he took up a pair of clean tobacco pipes, and after having slid the smaller end of them over the table, in a most melodious trill he fetched a tune out of them, whistling to them at the same time in concert. He then sent for an old frying-pan, and, grating it upon the board, whistling to it in such a melodious manner, that you could scarce distinguish it from a bass viol. Hearing my friend that was with me hum over a tune to himself, he told me if he would sing out he would accompany his voice with a tobacco-pipe. As my friend has an agreeable bass, he choose rather to sing to the frying-pan, and indeed between them they made up a most extraordinary concert.

"Finding our landlord so great a proficient in kitchen-music I asked him if he was master of the longs and key. He told me he had laid it down some years since, as a little unfashionable; but that if I pleased he would give me a lesson upon the gridiron. He then told me that he had had added two bars to the gridiron, in order to give it a greater compass of sound.

"He afterwards of his own accord fell into the imitation of several singing birds. My friend and I toasted our mistress to the nightingale, when all of a sudden we were surprised with the music of a thrush. He next proceeded to the skylark, mounting up by a proper scale of notes and afterwards falling to the ground with a very easy and regular decent. He then contracted his whistle to the voice of several birds of the smallest size."

Many other curious methods of producing musical sounds have been exhibited, amongst which may be mentioned that of Michael Boai, the chin performer, who by striking his chin in a peculiar manner caused his lips to slap together, and the sound thus produced was varied in pitch by the modulations of his mouth. There have also been many performers who have been able to imitate various instruments with their mouths alone, without any factitious aid.

Heaven in sunshine will requite the kind.

WINGED WAR-MESSENGERS.

With the exception of the frigid zones, birds of the dove or pigeon kind, are indigenous to every quarter of the globe; and they would appear to have been domesticated at an early date, with the result that their marvelous power of finding their homes from almost incredible distances was soon noticed by the ancients, who saw in them a means of quickly communicating between one district and another, an idea which was speedily put in practice.

Though pigeons were used as carriers by the ancients, and were by far the swiftest messenger they possessed, advantage does not appear except in rare instances to have been taken of their services for communicating between one district and another during time of war, though that is a period when the speedy transmission of correspondence between one commander and another is of the utmost importance, and when the delay of a message, even for a brief space may be the cause of disaster to an entire army.

The pigeon was Julius Cæsar's field telegraph; it was by means of this bird that Hirtius and Brutus corresponded with each other at the siege of Mutinia or Modena, 43 B.C. In this capacity, however, it has been but seldom employed, though for what reason it is somewhat difficult to conceive; and consequently, the mounted messenger, the swift-footed courier, the heliograph and other methods of signalling, were prior to the invention of railways, balloons and the telegraph, the only agents made use of for the purpose of communicating during military operations.

Notwithstanding the drawbacks named, however, it was not until the siege of Paris in 1870-71 that another method of communicating between an enemy-encircled town and the outer world was practiced; for, though pigeon-flying had for long been indulged in as a pastime by certain classes among most nations, no one appears to have conceived the idea of utilizing these birds as a means of carrying on correspondence in time of war until the sanguinary struggle which took place seventeen years ago, between two of the foremost nations of Europe; and even then it was not until every other method of communication had been cut off save that of balloons, that pigeons were employed as messengers.

The method of attaching the messages to the birds, a matter which is of great importance, had not been studied before the siege, and consequently at first several pigeons reached their destination without the expected missive attached.

As, at the beginning of this system of communication, the paper message was simply rolled up tight, waxed over, and attached to a feather of the bird's tail, its loss was due to various causes—to being pecked by the bearer, to being cut by the thin twine which kept it in its place, and to becoming saturated with wet in consequence of insufficient waxing.

To obviate these difficulties, the dispatch was subsequently inserted in a small goose-quill, about two inches long, which was then pierced close to its ends with a red-hot bodkin, so as not to split it, and in the holes thus made, waxed silken threads were inserted, to fix it to the strongest feather of the tail.

By the aid of micro-photography, the original messages were copied, greatly reduced in size, upon thin films of collodion, each of which contained on an average two thousand five hundred communications; and as one bird could easily carry a dozen of these films, it was, therefore, possible to forward thirty thousand communications by one pigeon.

Sometimes this number was exceeded, as, for instance, when on one occasion a single bird bore eighteen of these minute pellicles, equal to forty thousand messengers. In order to ensure arrival, each missive was copied many times and was sent by several pigeons.

In this manner one hundred and fifty thousand official and one million private communications were carried into Paris during the four months that the city was in a state of siege.

The immense services thus rendered by pigeons to a beleaguered city during the most memorable siege of modern times did not escape the notice of military authorities of other nations, and soon after the war, almost every continental country commenced the organization of regular 'Military Pigeon Systems,' all of which are based upon the same guiding considerations.

HOW SHE BACKED OUT.—A novel way of disposing of an old love affair is that adopted a few months since by one of the brightest and prettiest of Philadelphia's young ladies. The young lady wears as many hearts dangling from her belt as the Indian brave wears scalps. Wishing at the time mentioned to announce the breaking of her engagement to a young army officer, now stationed in the West, but formerly well known around West Point, she issued invitations to lunch to a few of her most intimate friends. The centre piece of the elegantly spread table was formed of a mass of blossoms, in the midst of which, heavily draped with crape, rested the young officer's photograph.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones.

An ounce of cheerfulness is worth a pound of sadness to serve God with.

What is more attractive than a pretty face with a fresh, bright complexion? For it use Pozzoni's Powder.

Health Is Wealth.

Health of Body is Wealth of Mind.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

The Great Blood Purifier

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound, without caries, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

BEAUTY.

How to secure a clear, smooth, beautiful healthy skin is the desire of all, and this is within the reach of all. The skin becomes discolored, rough, eruptive, by the virulent and unhealthy conditions of the excretions and insensible perspiration—that is secreted by its perspiratory glands—and expelled through its pores. The skin is one of the chief outlets for the expulsion of the excrementitious humors or elements, that the absorbent vessels reject; hence these irritant humors poison the delicate skin, and we have Pimples, Blotches, Sores, either simple or malignant, according to the condition of the perspiration and excrementitious humors, secreted by the skin. Now the application of cosmetics only *hide* these defects, and increase the irritant condition of the skin, while

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN

Is a true cure for all Skin Eruptions. It makes the blood rich and pure, and after it has driven out of the blood and secreting orifices of the skin, the poison from the excrementitious humors, it will divest the perspiration of its poison, and make the skin pure, clear and beautiful. This is the ONLY way to secure GOOD SKIN.

There is no remedy that will cure the sufferer of Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, Erysipelas, St. Anthony's Fire, Rash, Tetters, Pimples, Blotches, Prickly Heat, Acne, and Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Humors of all kinds, so quick as the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. Let it be tried.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in teaspoonful doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. PRICE, $1.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague Chills, Chilblains, Frost-bites, Nervousness, Sleeplessness.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Malaria in Its Various Forms Cured and Prevented.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in Their Operation.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicine according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, inward piles, fulness of the blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dots or webs before the sight, fever or dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, breast, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning of the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders.

PRICE, 25 Cents per Box.

Send stamp for postage to Radway & Co., 32 Warren street, New York, for our book of advice.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

UNFAIR WOMEN.

There's Mabel Macgregor, of Hampshire Hall,
  Who goes by the name of the "sweet brunette,"
And boasts of a figure as lean and tall
  As any young woman I ever met.
  Her tresses are long and dark as jet,
But Nature enriched her with no such hair;
  She buys them from one who has "locks to let,"
And I'm of opinion it isn't fair!

And then there is Ada, the girl they call
  "A beautiful blonde, but a sad coquette;"
And those who in love with the damsel fall
  Plunge into a passion they never forget!
  I looked on her once, I remember her yet;
Her teeth were as white as the cuffs men wear;
  But somewhere in town she bought the set,
And I'm of opinion it isn't fair!

And then there is Clara, who loves to bawl
  The songs that are sold at a quarter, nett.
(At a charity concert I heard her squall
  While a German professor did aid and abet.)
  She's gadding about with a young cadet,
Who thinks her complexion beyond compare;
  But it's paint—I say it with much regret;
And I'm of opinion it isn't fair!

—U. N. Nonn.

Head-work—Shampooing.

Fireside companion—The poker.

A writ of attachment—A love letter.

Invariably ahead—The source of a river.

Why didn't Julius Cæsar?—Because he wasn't such a Brutus that.

The barber who dressed the head of a barrel has been engaged to fix up the locks of a canal.

An exchange speaks of a "Southern girl who eloped with her lover on a mule dressed in boy's clothes."

Why are mosquitoes the most religious of insects?—Because they first sing over you and then prey on you.

"We should habituate ourselves to do without many things that we wish for," says a philosopher. A good many of us have got to.

Teacher: "Sammy, why do you write your name S. Smith, Marcher?" Sammy: "Why, 'cause pa writes his J. Smith, Junior. I was born in March."

"Gentlemen," said a tavern-keeper to his guests at midnight, "I don't know whether you have talked enough or not, but as for myself, I am going to shut up."

A Kansas schoolma'am has introduced a new feature in her school. When one of the girls misses a word the boy who spells it gets permission to kiss her. As a result the boys are improving rapidly.

A man entered a bar-room and called for a bottle of whisky. The bottle at the bar and filled his glass to the brim. "Give me a spoon to take that fly out," he said. "Put another drop in," replied the bartender, "and float him off."

"Who made this hash?" "Why, my new Boston cook, of course." "Then please return to her these remnants of a pair of eyeglasses, and tell her that she needn't give her dishes such an intellectual flavor hereafter."

We are willing to take a certain amount of stock phrases in newspaper accounts concerning blizzards, but when a paper tells us about a zephyr carrying a bed quilt 61 miles and then going back for the sheet we aren't there.

Sunday school teacher: "What does it mean, Johnny, in the prayer where it says, 'Lead us not into temptation?'" Johnny: "W'y, I guess it means they needn't trouble themselves, because we can go into it ourselves without leadin'."

Rastus, a late acquisition from the cornfield, on presenting a visiting card to his mistress, "Mom, there's two of 'em waitin' at the door." Mistress: "Why on earth didn't you invite them in?" Rastus: "Earfully, mum, you didn't want two to come in on one ticket, did you?"

Young wife, new to marketing: "You may send a saddle of mutton for dinner." Butcher: "Yes, madam. What kind will it be?" Young wife, thoughtfully: "Well, as my husband is away, and there is no one in the house but mother and myself and the two servant girls, you had better send a side saddle, I think."

Sea captain, to shipwrecked sailor on raft: "Ahoy, there!" Sailor, feebly: "Ahoy ahoy!" Sea captain: "Are you the only one left?" Sailor: "Aye, aye, sir. I finished the last of the mate yesterday." Sea captain: "Shiver my timbers, man! You've got ship biscuit enough there to last a month?" Sailor: "Aye, aye, sir; but a man gets tired of eatin' nothin' but ship biscuit."

Tommy was at Sunday school in his first pair of trousers, and a picture of a lot of little angels was before the class. "Tommy, would you like to be a little angel?" asked the teacher. "No, ma'am," replied Tommy, after a careful inspection of the picture. "Not be an angel, Tommy? Why not?" inquired the teacher, in surprise. "Because, ma'am, I'd have to give up my new trousers."

Minister's wife, whose husband is short of a sermon, "Here is an old one, dear, that you preached several years ago, before you accepted your present call; why not use that?" Minister: "What is the text?" Minister's wife: "It's about the camel and the eye of the needle." Minister: "That wouldn't do at all. Don't you know that I preach to a $200,000,000 congregation every Sunday morning?"

"Are you not going to wear your rubbers, my dear?" asked Alphonso, tenderly, as he prepared to escort his best girl to the ice cream saloon around the corner. "I am not going to wear anything else," replied the somewhat slangy charmer, postingly. "If that is the case we had better have the ice cream sent here and not venture out into the chilly night," remarked Alphonso. She hasn't spoken to him at all now.

She Wanted Facts.—"Yes," said the young man, as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty school teacher, "I love you and would go to the world's end for you."

"You could not go to the end of the world for me, James. The world, or the earth as it is called, is round like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in the elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy."

"Of course I did, but—"

"And it is no longer theory. Circumnavigators have established the fact."

"I know, but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ah! Minerva, if you knew the aching void—"

"There is no such thing as a void, James. Nature abhors a vacuum; but admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void if there was an ache in it?"

"I meant to say that my life would be lonely without you; that you are my daily thought and my nightly dream. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you were in Australia or at the north pole I would fly to you. I—"

"Fly! It will be another century before men can fly. Even when the laws of gravitation are successfully overcome there will still remain, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of maintaining a balance—"

"Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, "I've got a pretty fair balance in the savings bank, and I want you to be my wife. There!"

"Well, James, since you put it in that light, I—"

Let the curtain fall.

Sauce for Sauce Inventors.—Elagabalus, an Emperor of ancient Rome, was born at Antioch, and educated in the Temple of the Sun by its priests. When fifteen years old he was proclaimed emperor. Arrived at Rome, he began an astonishing career of extravagance and cruelty. He never would eat sea-fish, except at a great distance from the sea, and he would then order vast quantities of the rarest sorts, bought at an immense cost, to be distributed to the peasants of the inland country. But he had a sense of humor, too, as appears by what follows: The inventor of a new sauce was liberally rewarded, if it happened to please; but if the unfortunate man chanced to provide one which the capricious emperor did not relish, he was doomed to eat his sauce and nothing else until he had discovered one more agreeable to the imperial palate.

Brown—What have you got in the bottle, Robinson? Robinson—Ether. Brown—What are you going to do with ether? Robinson—That big duffer Jones has threatened to whip me on sight, and as soon as I see him coming I'm going to take it. I

If all the year were playing holidays, to sport would be as tedious as to work; but when they seldom come, they are wished for to come.

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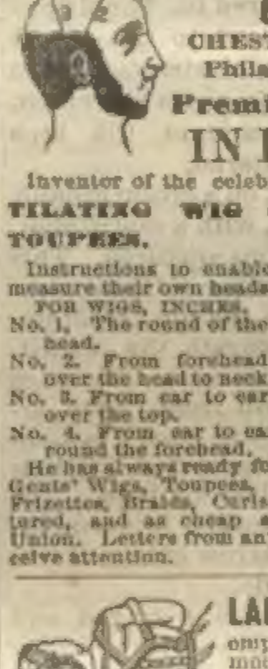

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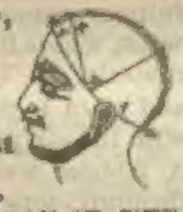

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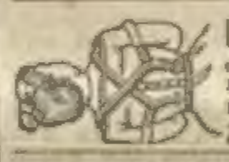

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
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Latest Fashion Phases.

Many of the best and most elegant costumes lately sent over here by Parisian couturieres are in a mixed style that would make one shudder at their anachronisms, were it not for the taste with which the modes of two or three centuries are combined, each being a little altered to suit the other, without, however, losing sight of its distinctive characteristics.

Thus a draped corsage, crossed in front under a wide belt, is worn with a deep lace Anne of Austria collar, and, perhaps, a skirt opening in Valois style over an embroidered tablier, while a pointed corsage, cut and trimmed in the manner that would meet with the approval of a Lewis XV. marquise, surmounts a skirt arranged in the long rich folds of the classical draperies that marked the fashions of the early part of this century.

Whatever style be adopted, it is always found possible in ornamenting the costume to make use of some one of the many kinds of embroidered and tinsel braids and galons.

As the best of these are expensive, they are used only for trimming the plastron, collar and cuffs of woolen costumes; bead embroideries are reserved for toilettes of silk only, or of silk and wool mixed; it is considered a breach of good taste to put a very showy or costly trimming on an inexpensive material, satin is once more used for these, and many pretty inexpensive costumes are now made with revers, waistcoats, cuffs, and many other accessories of satin.

Nevertheless, as a rule, the more richly a dress is trimmed with braid the more fashionable it is, and many of the galons are so beautiful that is easier to follow the mode than to resist the fascinations of the various kinds of broche and embroidered braids, with patterns in gold, silver and tinsel threads, or raised designs in beads. No attempt is made to form a pattern of these trimmings, they are placed in straight rows around the edge of a skirt, in vertical rows on panels, forming stripes at intervals on the material or arranged in groups of rows on the skirt at wide intervals, the space between being either plain or pleated.

Plastrons and yokes, etc., are covered with close rows of galon, and a single row is used for edging a jacket, the basque of a bodice, and for similar purposes.

Diagonal stripes, tabs and other arrangements, all formed of galon, are also in favor; in fact, any kind of ornamentation that can be carried out in straight rows is suitable and adopted.

Most of the new capotes are in small beguin shape, with a very small brim compared with the crown, of which the fundation is small, but which is much increased in size by the trimmings that nearly cover it.

Many of the crowns are a mass of loose petals of flowers, such as roses, poppies or pelargoniums; others are of fine fancy straw embroidered with beads or interwoven with gold or silver threads, or else they are composed of rows of straw insertion divided by bouillonnes of gauze.

The trimming consists of beaded gauze and tulle, mingled with sprays of flowers in delicate colors, those of fruit trees, such as apple, pear, cherry, peach and others, being especially fashionable.

The flowers are arranged in aigrette form, are placed in front of the chapeau, a bow of ribbon or a drapery of embroidered lace covering the stalks. In all cases the brim is lined either with pleatings or folds of tulle, and in the case of open pointed brims a ribbon bow or rosette, a spray of flowers or a bow of fancy straw is also added.

The newest ribbons are striped or ribbed and the most fashionable color is a shade of pale yellow with a pink tinge, called peau de nymphe, the name being applied to a particular kind of silk as well as to the color.

Matinees are as charming as ever; a new model is in peacock-blue peau-de-soie and fancy striped cream foulard. The jacket is fastened on the chest only, over a pleated blouse of cream foulard, arranged to form a puff and frill below the waist.

The vetement is made with double fronts, the under part simulating a waistcoat, is of the striped foulard, with a turned-down collar and large revers of the same; the jacket is fastened to this, the edge being covered with a band of blue and silver fancy braid.

Tea and boudoir gowns are even more elaborate. A charming model is in pale-blue surah; the full-fronts are gauged at the neck and pleated at the waist, the skirt, on which the pleats are continued to the edge, falling apart over a cream surah petticoat, ornamented down the centre with a coquille pleating of lace.

The neck, the front of the corsage, and the sleeves are trimmed in the same manner with lace coquilles. Tea gowns are made short, or with demi-trains only, many have long, open sleeves falling nearly to the edge of the dress, with full lace sleeves underneath caught up with a bow of ribbon.

Nothing could be prettier than the little frocks now on exhibition for wee girlies. Quaint, unique, picturesque and dainty—all the adjectives are quite appropriate in describing them. While there are no very decided changes from last season, yet what there are are all in the way of improvement.

Among the most important of the changes we note the abandonment of coat sleeves. This is as it should be, as the full sleeve gives the children a chance to use their arm freely, a thing they could not do with the coat sleeve, as their elders can vouch for.

Challis, soft vicunas, alpacas and all light wool fabrics, so suitable for the young, are to be worn, as well as soft silks and all sorts of dainty cotton goods.

A frock for a child 8 years old was made of vicuna of the blotting-paper tint. Half of the dress was composed of this material, striped with white, the remaining half of plain. The bodice had a yoke piece, but from one side only. On the other side the fulness came from the shoulder to the waist, where it was gathered in. The striped material tucked was used to the elbow and plain to the wrist; the skirt was draped with the striped and plain goods combined. A ribbon was drawn around the hips through loops of the material.

A blue-spotted challis, on a cream ground had a plain cream front, with a centre plait, through which the buttons appeared. This was feather-stitched on either side, as were the bands at the wrist of the full cream undersleeves, appearing beneath the turned-back cuff of the spotted material. The sides of the bodice, back and front, were arranged with single plaits in such a fashion that the blue spots congregated together formed a continuous line of blue. The white and blue are prettily interdraped. On the skirt a sash of narrow cream ribbon formed a bow on the side.

A frock for a child of 2 was of red and white striped serge. The tucks which formed the yoke were so planned that a red line came at the edge, and there was some horizontal tucking below the waist. The waist united to the skirt by means of a thick red piping. There was a gathering of soft red silk at the cuffs, and a straight collar.

A blue checkered challis had the skirt cut on the cross, a square, cream sailor collar at the back, the ends carried as bias folds on either side of the front. The sleeves were full and set in a band.

Embroidered muslin will be much worn, and is still sometimes made up with low bodices and short sleeves; but the newest is a plain embroidered skirt and front, with a Scotch jacket of soft gray silk, with barrel-shaped mother-of-pearl buttons at the waist.

Among the cotton frocks a great deal of feather stitching was observable. A pretty little checked pink and white gingham had a plain full skirt, a bodice without a yoke, but with four bias folds of the goods put on the waist to simulate tucks. They formed a box plait in the centre of the waist back and front. A row of feather stitching in red cotton ran along the edge of each bias fold where it was joined on to the waist. A full sleeve, gathered into a band, which had two rows of the feather stitching on it. The narrow belt had a row of feather stitching on each side. A ruffle of embroidery finished the neck.

Many of the ginghams were made with square neck and short puffed sleeves gathered into a band. These were to be worn with tucked or embroidered white gimpes.

Pretty little aprons made with bits of cream cotton bordered, with Russian red and blue embroidery are dainty and dressy.

Odds and Ends.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

It has often caused wonder why one family lives in respectable and tidy comfort, while another, with equal health and income at the start, instead of improving in circumstances from year to year, seems never to make the financial ends meet, with disregard of vigilance, painstaking, and frugality, poverty is an easy achievement.

These are some of the ways of throwing away money without any return in convenience and comfort: Keeping stoves, grates and furnaces filled with fuel without reference to the temperature out-of-doors, or the amount or kind of work to be accomplished within.

The kitchen stove or range is greatly injured by being kept red-hot. The cook and laundry help, are needlessly over-heated; food is burned; or cooked at too high a temperature; garments are scorched in the ironing; the teakettle, granite and iron ware are boiled dry; and utensils of every kind need often to be repaired or replaced; water in the reservoir is allowed to get low, or boils, sending its steam through the house—all the fuel used in excess of what is necessary being an agent of destruction in addition to its first cost.

Another waste is in lighting more lamps and burners than is necessary for the cheerful illumination of the house, and neglecting to turn them down when not in use, and delay in substituting daylight for artificial light.

A great deal more soap than is necessary for cleanliness is allowed to dissolve in dish-water, to the injury of silver, china, and the hands; and pieces find their way into the slop drain that should be saved from the boiling suds in the weekly wash.

Printed fabrics and colored stockings are injured in their color by soap, freezing and sunshine. Flannels shrink and lose their soft texture by being subjected to the same process used in cleansing cotton goods.

Perishable articles of food are left to stand in a warm kitchen, which perhaps came directly from cold storage, and should have small interval between that and the ice box or cellar. Meat, milk, fruit and vegetables, are quickly sensitive to such treatment, and taint, sour, wilt or lose their crisp freshness in case of garden products, so that disappointment instead of satisfaction is sometimes the outcome of careful and generous marketing.

Neglecting to regularly and thoroughly cleanse crocks, jars, cans, or other receptacles in which butter, bread, or any food is kept is the origin of stale odors and flavors, and germs of mold that hasten decay, and render what is in contact with them unfit for use.

Omitting to burn, bury or remove spoiled fruit, vegetables, or any thing ruined by decomposition, is not only a source of wasteful injury to other things in their vicinity, but is also an element of danger to the health of the household, the vitiated air of cellar and store-room reaching the living apartments through floors, registers and apertures for pipes. Diphtheria, typhoid fever, and impaired vitality may come from no more mysterious source than this.

Matron or maid who uses the best and brightest of tinware for coarse purposes, where the older ones will do, will probably be careless about putting any of them away thoroughly dried; and she who makes no distinction between the common and the best tureens and table ware, exposing them recklessly to the hot oven or to risk of breakage, will always be in need of new crockery. Tubs and pails exposed to a dry atmosphere or left to dry in the wind will soon drop their hoops and need to be sent to the cooper.

Flour and meal or sugar left uncovered, and crumbs not brushed from the table and shelves, are cards of invitation to mice, ants and flies, which the careless housekeeper must always entertain.

Preparing a great excess of food for the given meal, and not keeping what is left in good condition to use again is a common source of waste. All these things mentioned are trifles in detail, but the aggregate makes the difference between thrift and destitution with a small income, and comfort and more to spare for charity with the larger one.

TOO POLITE.—The Saxons are a very polite people; so over-polite that they not infrequently bring down ridicule upon themselves. It used to be told in Dresden that a stranger in the city was one day crossing at the great bridge which spans the Elbe, and asked a native to be directed to a certain church which he wished to find.

"Really, my dear sir," said the Dresdener, bowing low, "I grieve to say it, but I cannot tell you."

The stranger passed on, a little surprised at this voluble answer to a simple question. He had proceeded but a few rods when he heard footsteps behind him, and turning saw the same man running to catch up with him. In a moment his pursuer was by his side, his breath nearly gone, but with enough left to say, "My dear sir, you asked me how you could find the church, and it pained me to have to say that I did not know. Just now I met my brother, and asked him, but I grieve to say that he did not know either."

Confidential Correspondents.

SECTION.—The "Douay Bible" is the English translation of the Bible sanctioned by the Roman Catholic Church.

MILLION.—Canceled postage stamps are of no use whatever. No institution has ever offered a prize for a million of them.

VOTE.—In England every man 21 years old occupying any land or tenement in a county of a rental value of not less than about $40 per annum is entitled to register and vote.

STONE.—Copper coins may be cleaned by steeping them in acetic acid, which will remove all dirt from their surface. When taken out of the acid they should be thoroughly dried.

RUDDIGORE.—The battle of Trafalgar was fought on a Monday, the twenty-first of October, 1805. 2. Dogs are still employed to draw carts in some countries—notably in Flanders.

F. S.—If your toe nail has grown in it must be pulled out again. The operation is painful, and you might require an anæsthetic, such as laughing gas. Consult a surgeon about it without delay.

TELLAH.—You need not hesitate in the least between "crayfish" and "crawfish." Neither term can afford to be contemptuous of the other, for they are only corruptions of the French ecrevisse (a shrimp), and there is authority for both.

NERVOUS.—Toasts and sentiments at a dinner table are things of the past, except at public dinners, when there are always a certain number given to bring about speeches from different people. You need have no fear of being asked to say or do anything that will make you feel awkward.

SERVANT.—You seem to have acted very foolishly, and there is no one to blame in the matter but yourself. If as you say you deliberately set yourself to annoy and wound your lover, "just for fun," you cannot be surprised that he thinks you heartless and wishes to break off the engagement. It should be a lesson to you for the future.

GENTEEL.—Twenty-two inches, some say; but it depends upon height and general build. After all, Mother Nature is the best judge of what she intends, and you had better obey her than try to make your waist smaller than she has fashioned it. There is no way, that we are aware of, to prevent the hair turning dark. Why should you wish it?

ANETTE.—Young girls can never be too careful. You are acting very imprudently in allowing any man to pay you such attentions. If nothing worse comes of it, it will have the effect of making your name talked about, and of attention being called to your proceeding. He can mean you no good, or he would not want you to "slip out," as you call it, for the purpose of meeting him.

COWELL.—To soften putty the following method may be employed: Slack three pounds of quick stone lime in water and add one pound of American pearlash. Make the whole about the consistency of paint. Apply it to both sides of the glass and let it remain for twelve hours, when the putty will be softened that the glass may be taken out of the frame with the greatest facility.

NONCUR.—After some diseases—notably fevers—hair on the face sometimes comes out. But if the irritation is only a temporary one, and you say your eyes are well again, the chances are that the hair will grow again of itself. But nature alone can effect this; and if the hair-bulbs themselves are destroyed, no remedies will be of any use. You must wait a little longer, and perhaps with increasing strength the hair will return.

QUERCHY.—We hardly think that you could represent each month of the year by "tableaux vivants," and would advise you to take the four seasons only. You do not say how many persons are to take parts, but about four or six for each tableau would be sufficient. A great deal depends upon the size of your stage, and you will, of course, require special scenery; indeed we fear you will find it difficult to procure all you require unless you engage a professional to arrange everything for you.

ANXIDUS.—It is not necessary, although desirable, that you should be acquainted with any foreign language before entering upon the profession of a reporter. If you can write 100 words per minute in shorthand, and can put a sentence together decently, you may very well apply for a junior reportership. The most useful languages for you to learn are French and Latin. The most useful branch of literature for you to study is history, especially American history, and particularly the history of the last hundred years. But you should also indulge yourself in miscellaneous reading; and if you can contrive to master the elements of political economy, you would find the knowledge useful.

COLDEN.—The first tariff law passed was approved by the President July 4, 1789. Up to that time no duties had been placed upon imports. In 1824 another tariff law was adopted with higher duties. In 1833, owing to the demand of South Carolina, a revised tariff law was passed lowering the duties about 20 per cent. In 1842 they were raised again, but in 1846 were reduced, and still further reduced in 1857. The duties were again increased in 1861 to meet the expenses occasioned by the civil war, and have not been materially altered since. In 1883 an attempt at reduction was made, but the main features of the war tariff were retained. The Mills bill, now before Congress, proposes reducing duties and greatly enlarging the free list.

AFRICAINE.—The upas is a tree belonging to the bread-fruit family, and grows on the island of Java. It attains about 80 feet in height. When this tree was first made known, extraordinary stories were told of it by a surgeon in the service of the Dutch East India Company, who published a narrative concerning his experience on the island in 1783. He said that the emanations of the tree killed all living things near it, even the birds that flew over it falling dead; that criminals condemned to death were sent to the tree to gather its poisons, and but two out of twenty ever returned. He declared that those fortunate enough to come back alive assured him that the tree grew in a valley, with no other living thing, not even a plant or blade of grass, within miles of it, and that of 1600 persons who had been forced by a civil war to encamp about fourteen miles from the tree, all but 32 died. These stories were accepted and repeated, until they have since been altogether disproved. The upas actually grows in the forest with other trees, and no animals show any especial fear of it. Its emanations are somewhat poisonous to the skin of human beings, but not more so than those of the sumach or similar plants, and, like these, are poisonous to some persons and not to others.